THE FAYRE ONE OF TVNIS
or the
GENEROVS MISTRISS

THE FAYRE ONE OF TVNIS
or the
GENEROVS MISTRISS

THE

Fair One

OF

TUNIS:

OR, THE

Generous *MISTRES.*

A new piece of Gallantry.

Out of *French.*

Tibul. Eleg. 2. l. 1.

——fortes adjuvat ipſa Venus,
Quiſquis amore tenetur, eat tutuſq; ſacerq;
Qualibet, inſidias non timuiſſe decet.

LONDON,
Printed for *Henry Brome*, at the Gun in St. *Pauls* Church-yard, 1674.

THE

Lady One

TUNIS:

A new piece of Gallantry.

One of Three.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE READER.

Courteous Reader,

Without regarding after what manner the World shall please to receive it, and at the hazard of encreasing the number of ill Authors, I have undertaken to write a Book; which I have been the rather encourag'd to do, by reason that so many now-adayes take upon them that employment.

ployment. The Book-sellers pay no excize that I know of: Our Masters (blest be God) have not yet unbethought them of imposing a Gabel upon that sort of commodity. I cannot however but confess it would bring in a great Revenue; and 'tis pitty the Officers of Excise should loose so fair an opportunity of filling his Majesty's Coffers (or rather their own.) For the number of ill Writers is much greater than any man would imagine, and certainly a penny a Quire for all the Trumpery the Press sends out in a Year, would amount to a pretty matter. But possibly they are affraid these pretenders to wit should rise in Rebellion, and no body is willing to draw upon himself a whole Library of Invectives. But be it how it will, I found my self in the humor, and at lei-

sure

sure to play the fool a little as well as others; I had nothing else to do, and thought it was better to spoil a little paper at home in my Chamber, than to wear out my shoes in walking the streets to no purpose.

In this, my first and principal design was to divert my self; my next (Dear Reader) *to please thee, in saying here and there some things, that I thought were pleasant and rational enough. If thou lik'st it, I have my end, and demand nothing of thee in return, but that thou wilt confess it; which I shall hear of by some body or another: only I think fit to give thee this Advertisement, that it is really a true History, excepting that part of the* Sultaness *her escape, with that of* Don Pedro *and* Isabella Albirond *only getting*

off clear in the truth of the story; and therefore do not look upon it as a meer piece of Invention, for it is no such thing.

Fu quel chi'o dico, è non n'aggiungo un pelo, J o'l vidi, J o'l so.

It is not so long since this hapned neither, that we can reckon by any thing but the months; and therefore has at least the grace of novelty, which no one can deny it. If I would have taken the liberty of the Romance-writers, who make what Adventures they please, and carry them on at the extravagant rate of their own Fancy, I could peradventure have made this more modish, and much fuller of affairs and intrigues. A few hours meditation would have done that; but for once I paint by the Life, and not by invention. The aforesaid

Gen-

Gentlemen raiſe their fabulous ſtories, to ſuch a degree of ſurprize or impoſſibility indeed, that they ſeem ſometimes to drop out of the Clouds: but in the mean time Truth is doubtleſs that which beſt pleaſes in a Narrative. If thou art of this opinion, thou wilt take more pleaſure in reading ſuch a Piece of gallantry as this, which has really come to paſs, than one of thoſe celebrated Fables, that has hardly ever enter'd into more than one mans Imagination.

What there is more of rare in this is, that never any Bagatelle of Love came out of Barbary *till now. The Pirates of* Tunis *and* Algier *do not much intrigue themſelves in Gallantry; but another ſort of Pirate is here come under the Standard of Love, to carry away from theſe* Barbarians *the*

grea-

greatest beauty their Nation ever had. Whether, or no it be lawful prize, do thou (friendly Reader) judg; and if it prove otherwise, arraign him rather than me. I have follow'd the Memoires that were deliver'd to me, to which I have only given words, and wherein the workmanship has nothing defac'd the natural truth of the Story.

Farewel.

THE

THE

Fair One

OF

TUNIS:

Or, THE

Generous Mistriss.

THE World, through several happy accommodations concluded amongst Christian Princes, seem'd to be rock't asleep in a profound and lasting Peace; but such a one as however seem'd insupportable to the unfortunate

Albirond, who in the untoward posture his affairs at that time were, would have gone in quest of War to the remotest parts of the Earth: but the Stars who in these dayes are very little inclin'd to favour men of execution, seem'd joyntly to have conspir'd the ruine of the Janty sort of men, by a general cessation of Arms. It was by no means safe for *Albirond* to stay in *France*; certain affairs that frequently happen to men who carry the *punctilio* of honor upon the point of their Swords, had driven him from thence, he must of necessity take upon him the employment of a Knight Errant, as many others did.

In this condition of a wandring Knight, he had the opportunity of seeing the most beautiful and the greatest part of *Europe*; and with a competent proportion of wit that he was master of, and a handsome carriage he had made shift to learn at home, he procur'd himself respect in all places, and acquir'd friends wherever he met with men of the better sort of breeding, and added some such passages, and adventures to the History of his Life, as were

fit

fit one day to be the subject of a Romance. This carreer of his continued near upon two years, and ended at the City of *Ligorn* in *Italy*, which is one of the most famous Ports for traffick upon the *Mediterranean* Sea.

One day as he was at this place, walking pensive and alone upon the Sea shore, and meditating which way for the future to dispose of himself, in the strange irresolution and incertitude he then was what course to steer, a suddain whymsy took him, wholly to throw himself into the arms of Fortune, and to that end to put himself aboard the first vessel that should set out from the harbour, let it be bound for what part of the world soever; and accordingly without further examining this his extravagant resolution, he found a Vessel for his purpose, that ready and laden, waited only for a wind to put out to Sea. He had but little time to turn him in, wherefore in all haste he caus'd his baggage to be embark't, and put himself aboard; where all things concurring with his design, the wind within two hours after stood as fair as heart could wish, and in six dayes

brought them before *Tunis*, one of the principal Cities of *Barbary*, and the *Metropolis* of that Kingdome.

Albirond was not altogether a stranger in this Country, he had already been acquainted both with *Turks*, and *Moors*, and had a smattering of their Language, which he had learn't in a voyage he had formerly made to the Kingdom of *Fez*, and *Morocco*. So soon therefore as he came a shore, he went immediately to salute the *Beglerbeg*, which is the King of the Country, to whom he gave an account of his voyage. From thence he went to visit the *Bassa*, who there represents the person of the *Grand Signior*, and after him the two *Beglerbegs* or Generals of the Army, who are the four principal Lords of that Kingdom. I could here perhaps satisfie the curious by insisting upon the manners, and particular Government of this City; for although the *Turks* are all subject to one Prince, and that they have all the same Law, yet the policy and manner of living of those of *Africk*, are a little different from the other *Turks* of the East: but it is not my design to mix any thing

so

so serious, with what I only intend for a pure, and uncompounded piece of mirth. Neither do I write this for the grave Sr. *Politick Woodbee's*; the chief, and only end of my writing being to entertain the amorous with a new piece of Gallantry.

These four Lords did all receive *Albirond* with civility enough, that is to say, with as much as the humor of that Country will permit: but our Cavaleer was nevertheless much better satisfied with Mahomet *Lapsi* General of the Naval Forces, than with all the other three. This Lord at the very first dash, offer'd him a Lodging close by his own Palace, and gave him two Slaves to attend him wherever he went, together with a *Moor* to secure him from such affronts and insolencies to strangers, as are very usual in that barbarous Country. It is true, that Mahomet *Lapsi* was really one of the finest Gentlemen, not only of *Africk*, (where Travellers expect to meet with nothing but Lyons and Tigers,) but even of *Europe* also, where the world is more rational, and better bred. His Stature and fashion had something in them of great, and Ma-

jestick above the rest of the *Africans*, he was rather fair than brown, his complexion was very clear and good, and there was nothing in him of the *Turk* to be discover'd, saving a certain Ayr of Fiercenes, that became him well enough; and his way of conversing with all sorts of men, was affable and obliging, much above what is to be expected from a *Barbarian*. He had convers't with few other than Merchants in his own Country, or if he had sometimes seen a Gentleman, it was only chain'd to the Oar, which made him the sooner to observe something in *Albirond* that was new, and extraordinary, and that oblig'd him to a particular esteem of his person. This esteem in a few dayes improv'd it self into an affection, and that affection encreas'd to such a degree, that the *Beglarbeg* seldom din'd or sup'd without *Albirond*, and would also have him one in all his matches of divertisement and recreation. Of these, hunting was that wherein he chiefly delighted, and for this he had two or three fair Country-houses not above a mile distant from the City. Of these nevertheless, the most magnificent

in

in ſtructure, the richeſt in furniture, and the moſt pleaſant for ſcituation was call'd *Bardou*. At this place he had a *Seraglio* of three or four hundred women, and one of the moſt beautiful Gardens in the world, neither was it long before he treated *Albirond* at this houſe of his, but carried him thither in his Coach, attended with three or four hundred Guards, where he treated him *a la Turque*, that is to ſay, groſly and rudely enough; but if magnificence of feaſting conſiſts in the number of diſhes, a man might term this one of the moſt ſumptuous Entertainments that *Albirond* had ever ſeen in his Life, for there was upon a Table of twenty perſons, a moſt ſtupendious Piramid of diſhes, one pil'd upon another of no leſs than a yard and a half high. There were preſent at this feaſt the chief perſons of the City, the General of the Galleys, and the principal men of the *Divan*. They ſate a long time at the Table, where they eat very well, but drank a great deal better; for although Wine is a thing forbidden by their Law, they forbear not, for all that, upon occaſion to make

very great debauches, and are not only very perfect that way, but have moreover very exquisite formes, and have an extraordinary method of drinking. They rose not from the Table, till every one had got a sufficient rattle in his pate; the Feast lasted from eight of the clock in the morning, till three in the afternoon, during which time they had sometimes a cessation from eating and drinking, to smoak a pipe, that past from hand to hand thorough the whole company. All being done the *Begl-rbeg* taking *Albirond* by the hand, carried him to see the house, of which the Richnes of the Armes, and Furniture, and the prodigious number of Jewels wonderfully astonisht our Cavaleer, the things he saw being inestimable, but above all the Beds, where nothing was to be seen, but Tissue, and embroyderies in Gold layd on three inches thick. From thence they went into the Garden, where the pleasure must needs be very charming, to see all the Trees in the middle of Winter laden either with Fruits, or Flowers; a sight so ravishing and so rare, that I could here methinks find in my heart to make

make a little ſtay, to give a beautiful *Idea* of a moſt delicate Garden; but leaſt I ſhould importune any of my Readers (for there is nothing more tedious, and diſtaſtful to Readers, then the Deſcriptions of Pallaces and Gardens,) I leave it to every ones imagination to repreſent to himſelf, that it muſt of neceſſity be a very fine place, being that which by the *Beglerbeg* was preferr'd before all his other Scituations, of which moreover the Flowers of the Orange and Citron Trees, that are continually in the bloſſome may give ſome account; and beſides it is eaſy to believe, that ſeeing it was the ſole *Regal* of ſo great a number of very fine Women, it ought not to be unpleaſant. Nevertheleſs they very rarely enjoy'd that diverſion, and the *Seraglio* had only a proſpect into it through one little window, to which none neither, the *Grand Sultaneſs* only excepted, had the liberty to come.

Albirond was marvailouſly taken with this Garden, and forgot not the good manners of highly commending it to the *Beglerbeg*, who in the good humor he was of obliging this Cavaleer

by

by all sorts of civility, offered him the Command of his Coach, to carry him thither so oft as he pleas'd. *Albirond* return'd him very many thanks for the honor he was pleas'd to offer him of his Coach, which nevertheless he did not think fit to accept, but would by no means refuse the priviledg he gave him of coming sometimes into the Garden. Mahomet *Lapsi* was wonderfully ravish't, that he took that for so extraordinary a favour, and thereupon immediately gave order to his Governor to receive him when, and so oft as himself should please as a particular friend of his, and to leave him absolute Master of all. *Albirond* made very good use of this liberty, it was not very far from the Town, and he fail'd but very few mornings of coming to divert himself in that delightful place.

To a man in Love, solitude is very charming, especially in absence, where men entertain themselves with their own thoughts, recollect all the pleasant passages of their Lives, and meditate in full liberty at their own fancy; insomuch that it often depends upon the humor a man is in at such times, to ren-

der

der himself happy, or miserable. *Albirond* was too fine a Gentleman never to have sight for some fair one, and his Love was accompanied with so remarkable a Constancy, that it still continued with great ardor, after four or five years of fidelity. In this it was that he chiefly found himself unhappy, neither Banishment from his Country (for which he had a natural affection) nor the loss of his Estate (which was very considerable) had been able to discompose his brave soul; but his heart which was set on fire by the penetrating eyes of too beautiful a person, alone suffer'd all the torments of a cruel Exile. He one day sufficiently expresst his passion by these verses, which he grav'd upon a leaf of one of those Fig-Trees of *Barbary*:

You tender issue of my Woe,
The blood the wounded Lover bleeds,
Soft teares, your heavy banks oreflow
T'alloy the grief her absence breeds;
And you sad eyes, to end my smart,
Into salt tears distil my heart.

He had not promised to himself from *Barbary*,

Barbary, that he ſhould paſs away ſo many happy hours in this delightful place. The whole Garden contributed to the eaſing of his griefs; and it is moſt certain, that there is not a ſpot of Earth to be found out under the Sun, where the ſilence, the ſhades, the verdure, and the day it ſelf could be more delightful, than in this platt of Ground; the leaves, the flowers, the Birds never depart from it, and I ſhall be never the more a Poet for ſaying, that it is the habitation of *Zephirs*, and *Cupids*. In every Cabinet, every arbour of this Garden, there is conveniency of ſitting down, and repoſing at length with the greateſt eaſe, and delight; and every day *Albirond* repair'd thither to meditate with the greateſt pleaſure imaginable, and repreſented things to his Imagination with ſo great felicity, and that ſtrength of fancy, that he once believed he had really ſeen his beloved *Vranie* (for ſo was that fair one call'd, with whoſe *Idea* he was ſo paſſionately poſſeſs't,) and this conceit had made ſo ſtrong an impreſſion upon his phancy, that he was not able to determine, whether it was a ſhadow or a real ſubſtance

stance that had appear'd to him, which made him break into this suddain Rapture.

Art thou then absent, O thou dear
And only Subject of my flame,
Are these fair objects that appear
But shadows of that noble frame,
For which I do all other Form disclaim?

Am I deluded? do I only rave?
Was it a Phantasme only that I saw?
Have dreames such power to deceive?
O lovely shade thou didst too soon (withdraw,
Like fleecy snow, that as it falls doth thaw.

Glorious illusion, lovely shade!
Once more deceive me with thy light,
Tis pleasure to be so betray'd,
And I for ever shall delight,
To be pursude with such a charming sprite

Every thing in this Garden already proclaim'd, and was full of *Albirond's* passion, the trees were all wrought with his Cyphers, and the walls, nay the very leaves that were not too tender to endure

endure the Graver, were carv'd, and graven with verſes, and ſeveral other amorous fancies. There was in the whole Garden but one place, that was priviledg'd from his ſighs, and that was that part that lay under the *Seraglio*, which in truth was the moſt delightful of all; but as a man that was very well acquainted with the cuſtomes of the Country, and how tender the *Turks* are of their women, he was diſcreet enough to avoid that Quarter. This diſcretion of his nevertheleſs was not ſufficient long to reſiſt the temptation of change of place, and to that deſire that difficulty does uſually raiſe in generous and attempting minds; ſo that one day having obſerv'd ſomewhat nearer at hand, that there was one little window only in that Apartment towards the Garden, he could not ſo far conquer his curioſity, but that it carried him into a great Pavillion, that covers a very fair Bath, where *Mahomet* every Summer uſed to bath. This Pavillion is very ingenuouſly contriv'd, conſiſting of ſix little Rounds or Circles, which are ſo many Beds of green Turfe, ſo delicately lay'd, as ſeem to allure and invite

vite the beholder to lye down, and repose upon them. In one of these Cabinets it was that *Albirond* design'd to pass away the best of his time in *Barbary*, and was enclin'd to believe, that there he might hope for some allay to his Torments, which gave him occasion to speak after this manner the first day he entred into it:

Ye solitary dark Retreats
Where the fresh Ayre, and silent shades
Preserve themselves, maugre the heats,
And light wherewith the Sun invades,
Can you not cure my hearts deep wound,
And in this Melancholy Grove
Is there no medicine to be found
Against the most unhappy love?

His fancy was too ravishingly delighted with the beauty of this place, not to push so pretty a beginning a great deal further, when a most excellent voice, which at that instant he heard over his head, put him quite out of his Poetry. It is not here for me to tell you how strangely he was surprized, 'tis hard to imagine it, and without having seen *Albirond* in the posture

of

of his astonishment, it is hardly to be believed. All his sences were contracted into that one sence of hearing, he stood as motionless; and stiff as a statue, and his soul seem'd to have no other sentiment, than what was inspir'd into it by this ravishing voice. The close interweving of the Boughs, and leaves so damp't the sound, that he could distinctly hear no more, but these last words only, which was enough to make him conclude the song to be *Spanish*.

Non importa que los ojos matan
se resuscitan.

The surprise, and the harmony of this voice wherewith he had been so rapt at the first strains that toucht his ear; the song being ended, gave way to the curiosity he had to see a person that sung so well: at the first he believed it to be some slave, and went out of the Pavillion to be more fully satisfied. He thought it could only come from the window of the *Seraglio*, and there indeed he spyed a person that endeavour'd to conceal her self, and whom

whom in so doing he perceiv'd to smile, possibly at his curiosity. The Cavalier at this stood still, and saluted her, to try if by that meanes he could oblige her a little more to discover her self; which thereupon she accordingly did; and in so doing, not a little surpriz'd *Albirond* with the number of Jewels she had on, which instead of dazling him with their lustre, gave him to understand, that the person he had mistaken for a slave, must infallibly be one of the principal Ladies of the *Seraglio*: so that without further delay, he made her a most profound reverence, with a resolution to retire, it being a respect due to the Ladies of that Country, to avoid their sight, especially the Women of quality. This Lady (who perhaps had no mind to drive him from thence) made him a sign to stay, and withall said something to him, which he did not well comprehend, by reason that he was not so perfect in the Languge of that Country as to understand every word, when it was spoke quick and roundly to him. He form'd an answer however, telling her in the same Language, that he humbly ask't her par-

don, for having taken the liberty to come walk under her Apartment, and that he had not thought any one could have come to that window. To which she made answer again; but after such a manner that he could not understand the one half of what she said, and therefore could answer nothing to purpose. In the mean time he stood upon Thorns, and was very impatient to put an end to this discourse, in which he should have been very unwilling to have been surpriz'd: but the Lady was by no means of his mind, and with the delight she took in looking upon him, would have been glad she could have made him better understand her. She then withdrew herself from the window, biding him stay a little, and she would presently return, which she accordingly did immediately after, bringing with her a slave, who spoke to *Albirond*, and in *Spanish* askt him of what Nation he was. The *Cavalier*, who spoke *Spanish* very well, replied that he was a *French* man, that it was by accident he was come into that Quarter of the *Seraglio*, and therefore desir'd she would make his excuse to that beautiful Lady.

You

You need not, replyed the Slave, trouble your self about that, for I have already order to tell you from her, that she before desir'd rather to see you walk under this window, than in the lower walks; where you have us'd to be every morning. *Albirond* civilly made answer, that if by that he might oblige so fair a Lady, he should be very proud to please her: but that he apprehended it might be ill taken, and that he might be blamed, should he happen to be discovered in that place. The slave thereupon assur'd him, that there was no danger in the case; For besides that the Trees would conceal him from being seen in that walk, it was now a time when the Garden was free, and no one came to work there, as at other times. To which she added, that he was to come a little more early, that he might at more liberty entertain himself there with them, whilst the rest of the *Seraglio* were asleep; which having said, she retir'd, and *Albirond* who understood it was to dismis him for that time, was about to do the same, had not the *Sultaness* commanded him yet to stay a little longer. She sayd not very

much to him; but her diverſion was to throw him down certain little ſtones, which the *Cavalier* receiving in his hatt as they fell, firſt kis't, and after put them in his boſom, as favours that he did very highly prize. The Lady laught at this action of his, and pleaſantly ask't him, ſince he put ſuch a value upon thoſe pibbles, what he could do in caſe ſhe ſhould throw him ſomething of greater price? To which *Albirond* made anſwer, that he had no dearer repoſitory than that, wherein to put any thing of the greateſt valew; but that every thing that came from her was equally pretious, and that thoſe pibbles would in his hands convert themſelves into Rubies and Diamonds. She ſtill continued to ſay ſome things to him, that were aery, and obliging enough, and that the *Cavalier* was not ſo thick-ſcul'd but to underſtand, and thereupon fail'd not to return the beſt anſwers he could: but theſe little wantonneſſes of theirs, continued ſomething too long, to a man that was in fear of being diſcovered; which he ever and anon ſignified to her by a little unquietneſs he made to appear in his countenance, and by evermore

more looking this way, and that, to see if no body came. The *Sultaness* still bad him not to be afraid, but it was hard Counsel to obey, where there was so much to fear. She was as dangerous to see, as there was danger of being seen with her; and the perplexity was equally great, whether in relation to her own eyes, or to those of any other.

Albirond was no sooner deliver'd from this dangerous enterview and parly, but that he took a resolution to walk no more so near the *Seraglio*, nor so much as to enter into the Garden; wherein peradventure his discretion will appear very strang to such, as will not that a man who makes a profession of Gallantry, should loose any one moment of time, when an occasion presents it self of pushing any one home to its natural and proper end. But this way of fooling is only proper for some Countries; and such as are never so little acquainted with the Customs of this whereof I now speak, how fond soever they may be of those little adventures, will approve of *Albirond*'s discretion, in not daring to hazard one

of so delicate a kind. He had no mind, neither indeed ought he upon a light occasion to offend the *Beglerbeg*, who every day laid so many obligations upon him, and of whose favour he stood in so great need to live in safety in so barbarous a place. This fair *Sultaness* notwithstanding was eternally before his eyes; his mind was a little discomposed with her beauty, so that whatever he was able to do to oppose it, he had by fits a certain itching desire to break the resolution he had made, and some hankerings after the Lady that disquieted his thoughts, and insensibly removed some scruples he had, without taking notice whence that passion did proceed, or almost knowing when the fit was upon him. Some moments there were wherein he would have been in the Garden at what price soever, and yet at the same time he repented he had ever been there: and to say the truth, this *Sultaness* was such a master-piece of Beauty, as was sufficient to stagger the resolution of the firmest of men. Never was any thing so delicately shap't as she, and although *Albirond* had seen but the one half of her,

her, yet to be flesh, and blood, and a man, was enough to be smitten. Her age at that time, might be about five and twenty, but in her cheeks appeared the Youth, and freshness of a Girle of fifteen. All her lineaments were exactly perfect; her hair, her complexion, her eyes, her mouth, and her neck were things to be painted, and amongst all those Graces and perfections, her manner of dressing was so gallant, and so rich, that it was an additional enchantment to captivate *Albirond*. The lustre of her sparkling Jewels made her appear a constellation, but the fire of her delicate black eyes put out the poorer light of the numerous Diamonds, as the whiteness of her skin baffled that of the Pearls. All this *Albirond* acknowledg'd in his heart, and although it was not possible, that he should ever cease to love *Urania*, or that he should ever love any thing equally with her; nevertheless the power of a person rendr'd attractive by so many titles of beauty, and arm'd with so many not to be resisted charms, stood suspected to him, and he would willingly have avoided the least shadow

of infidelity. These two or three dayes that he forbore going again to the Garden, was with him a very melancholly time, during which he had a continual conflict in his Soul; but what good will a man's constancy do him, when he is once possess't with the merit of an amiable person: On the contrary, nothing makes one love more, than an endeavour to resist it; and a heart comes off much deeper wounded by fighting, and opposing a passion it has no mind to entertain. He thought the time intollerable long, and it seem'd to him that an infinite number of dayes were lapsed and gone, since he had been in his beloved solitude. The delights of this Garden; or rather the charmes of this fair *Sultaness* made all other places appear unpleasant, and seem tedious and uneasy to him; so that he must of necessity either take a final leave of *Barbary*, or return to a place wherewith he was so infinitely delighted. He fancied the Sun shone no where but there, and that there was nothing but darkness in all other places. O frailty of humane Souls! *Albirond* is overcome, he yields to the importunity of his

his inclination, and is ſtrongly perſwaded that he ſhall have power enough over himſelf to go into the Garden without coming near the *Seraglio*. Love made him believe ſo, but he deceiv'd himſelf, and under this Error it was; that the little God would take his opportunity to eſtabliſh his Empire in the boſome of the wavering *Cavalier*, before he would declare himſelf. He goes then to the Garden, and true it is, that his courage chiefly appear'd in the violence he offer'd to his own inclination, by limiting his ſteps within the bounds preſcrib'd. Yet did his feet now and then deceive him, and would ſometimes inſenſibly carry him too far beyond his limits, that he often wanted but very little of being totally overcome: but then *Urania* alwaies came in the nick into his remembrance to divert him. He was now already as good as victorious; the time was already at hand that he was to return to the City, and he was preparing to be gone, when an arrow that wisk't cloſe by his noſe, did very much ſurprize him, and made him ſtay to ſee what it might be. It fell not very far from him, as being loos't with no

great

great force, so that he went and took it up, and in so doing, found there was a Ticket fastned to it with silk, which his curiosity making him immediately to unty, opening the paper, he found these words writ in the Spanish Tongue.

Donna Isabella the Slave, to the *French Cavalier.*

You certainly deceived us, when you told us you was a Frenchman. The Cavaliers of that Nation acquit themselves a little better of the respect that is due to Ladies, and are more dextrous at a piece of gallantry than you are. In two or three dayes time that you have not appear'd in this Garden, you forgot the promise you made us; and if it now fit you should know to whom you engag'd your word, 'tis to the Great Sultaness the wife of Mahomet Lapsi, a person whom you ought infinitely to consider, and respect, and who peradventure has a little too much esteem for you. You would do well to manage an inclination of so great advantage to you a little better: wherefore if you will take my advice, do not this day depart the Garden without

seeing

seeing us: For it is her pleasure you should do so, and you ought not to hazard the disobeying her, without apprehending that she will make you repent it.

On the top of the paper, and above the Letter, there was writ by another hand, and in a very ill Character these words.

Ingrate, with this arrow I could peirce thy heart.

Thou must yield *Albirond* (cried he immediately upon the reading of the paper,) thou must submit to thy Fate, who in despite of thy firmest resolution, will that thou see this beautiful *African.* Alas! how little serves to overcome my heart.

I thought I sigh'd with an immortal flame,
When in a trice, I know not how,
My heart that still was constantly the same,
To a new passion's yielding now.
What strange injustice, Heaven, is this!
That hurries Love to this capprice,
To force me to infringe my vow?

If he would have his Empire last,
He ought to make a heart
That for one fair once owns a ſmart:
Continue in that paſſion firm, and faſt,
And rather chooſe a thouſand times to dy,
Than once it's faith to break, or falſifie.

In ending theſe laſt words he was come up cloſe to the *Seraglio*, where he had ſcarce time to offer at ſome excuſes, before the ſlave demanded of him why they had not ſeen him of ſo many days; and the reaſon why he had not (now he was come thither) walkt on their ſide of the Garden, according to his promiſe.

Albirond though a little ſurpiz'd with ſo ſuddain and ſo brisk Interrogatories, was not nevertheleſs to ſeek for ſome pretences of affairs of weighty concern, wherewith he had been perplext; telling them moreover, That the reaſon why he had forborn to approach the *Seraglio* was, becauſe he had ſeen no body at the window: but theſe excuſes were not ſufficient to defend him from ſome reproaches the fair Slave caſt in his teeth, in the behalf of her Miſtriſs; and the *Sultaneſs* her ſelf putting

putting on a very ſevere countenance, att'ld him at a terrible rate; calling him ingrate, inſenſible, and unworthy of the leaſt kindneſs ſhe had for him. Theſe are the favors of that Country; and it is after this manner, that the Ladies of thoſe parts declare their paſſion. Neither is it to be wondred at, that ſhe ſhould be ſo forward with a man ſhe had never ſpoken to but once, and had only ſeen at a pretty diſtance; for there was nothing in the perſon of this Cavalier, that was not grateful: he was evermore neat, and very finely dreſs't, and well enough underſtood the ſecret of engaging a Lady, that is never ſo little ſenſible and inclin'd to be in Love. And moreover 'tis the cuſtom of that Nation, that the women commonly are the firſt taken, and the men there revenge us to ſome purpoſe for what they make us ſuffer in *Europe*; to all which you may add (if you pleaſe) that the *Beblerbeg* had already acquainted the *Sultaneſs*, with the ſtrict and particular friendſhip he had contracted with *Albirond*; and had ſpoke ſo advantageouſly of his perſon, his courage, and his wit, that ſhe muſt of neceſſity

If he would have his Empire last,
He ought to make a heart
That for one fair once owns a smart:
Continue in that passion firm, and fast;
And rather choose a thousand times to dy,
Than once it's faith to break, or falsifie.

In ending these last words he was come up close to the *Seraglio*, where he had scarce time to offer at some excuses, before the slave demanded of him why they had not seen him of so many days; and the reason why he had not (now he was come thither) walkt on their side of the Garden, according to his promise.

Albirond though a little surpiz'd with so suddain and so brisk Interrogatories, was not nevertheless to seek for some pretences of affairs of weighty concern, wherewith he had been perplext; telling them moreover, That the reason why he had forborn to approach the *Seraglio* was, because he had seen no body at the window: but these excuses were not sufficient to defend him from some reproaches the fair Slave cast in his teeth, in the behalf of her Mistris; and the *Sultaness* her self

putting

putting on a very ſevere countenance, ratt'ld him at a terrible rate; calling him ingrate, inſenſible, and unworthy of the leaſt kindneſs ſhe had for him. Theſe are the favors of that Country; and it is after this manner, that the Ladies of thoſe parts declare their paſſion. Neither is it to be wondred at, that ſhe ſhould be ſo forward with a man ſhe had never ſpoken to but once, and had only ſeen at a pretty diſtance; for there was nothing in the perſon of this Cavalier, that was not grateful: he was evermore neat, and very finely dreſs't, and well enough underſtood the ſecret of engaging a Lady, that is never ſo little ſenſible and inclin'd to be in Love. And moreover 'tis the cuſtom of that Nation, that the women commonly are the firſt taken, and the men there revenge us to ſome purpoſe for what they make us ſuffer in *Europe*; to all which you may add (if you pleaſe) that the *Beblerbeg* had already acquainted the *Sultaneſs*, with the ſtrict and particular friendſhip he had contracted with *Albirond*; and had ſpoke ſo advantageouſly of his perſon, his courage, and his wit, that ſhe muſt of neceſſity

ceſſity be a little prepoſſeſt in his favour.

The beautiful *African* having remained a little while without ſaying any thing to *Albirond*, ſhe at the laſt qualified her little diſpleaſure with a *Spaniſh* ſong, that her ſlave *Iſabella* had taught her; which ſhe ſung with ſo languiſhing and ſo amorous a tone, as perfectly made an end of abſolutely captivating her Lover. After which ſhe would needs have him to ſing too, which alſo ſhe entreated him by her ſlave to do. *Albirond* was not hard to be perſwaded into that little complaiſance; for his voice was tolerably good, and he ſung paſſably well for a *Cavalier*. He therefore made choice of a little *Italian* Song, that he himſelf was very much delighted withal, and that had been made for him by a friend of his, of which theſe were the words

Tempra il cordoglio homai, non pianger (piu
Deh! raſſerena il ciglio
Poiche ha Seco periglio
Sui ſcerato dolore,

E con Spietata Sorte
Spesso corre alla morte
Addolorato core
Da si gravi martir che bramitu,
Tempra il cordoglio homai, non Pianger
(piu.

Whil'st *Albirond* was singing, the *Sultaness* sent her slave for some sweetmeats, which so soon as he had ended his song, she threw down to him; and which without all peradventure, he gathered up with much better will than he had done the stones the time before. Tis well when pibbles convert themselves into Comfits, for the favours are then much sweeter. She threw him down also a great deal of very excellent fruit, together with a very fine handkerchief to carry them in; all which *Albirond* could not handsomely refuse, without displeasing his new Mistriss: for they make a refusal in such a case a capital affront, and the greatest contempt that can be offered. After this manner the *Cavalier* return'd loaden with sweets; but they would not suffer him to depart, till first they had made him swear to come again very

ry early the next morning; but alaſs it was very little neceſſary to put *Albirond* to his Oath in ſuch a caſe, who found himſelf ſufficiently engag'd by a neceſſity much more binding than his vow; and yet the ſweets that had ſo charm'd him, were not thoſe he had taſted in the Conſerves, but they were the fair eyes of the beautiful *African*, that in poiſoning, had enchanted his heart. The ſimple inclination to Love with which he had the foregoing days found himſelf only attainted, was now half converted into a real paſſion. He now began better to underſtand what ſhe ſaid to him, and ſo well, that he ſcarce loſt a word. And, to confeſs the truth; Love (for a young child,) is a very expert Deity, he underſtands all Languages, he learns them all with very little difficulty; nay, 'tis ſufficient being once poſſeſt with him, to have eyes only, to underſtand whatever one has a mind to.

In the morning, *Albirond* ſaw the *Sultaneſs*, and he went to wait upon the *Beglerbeg* in the afternoon; but he paſt over the enſuing night with greater diſquiet, than any that had gone before

fort. *Vrania* already presented herself to his imagination, and seem'd to reproach him, and to demand satisfaction for his inconstancy; but the charms of the fair *Sultaness* were already grown so prevalent with him, that maugre his duty he ow'd, and the obligation he had to his former Mistriss, his feeble heart suffered them to possess themselves there of a very considerable place, to the prejudice of *Vrania*'s title, and interest; insomuch that all he could possibly do, was yet to preserve for her the first and best room in his breast. The night was very long with our new wounded *Amoroso*, or at least it seemed to be much longer than it was; and as if the light of the day, ought to disperse the clouds and mists of his mind, as well as dissipate the shades, and horrors of the night, he was in great impatience to wait so long for the long look't-for morning. And indeed his gayety and good humor, returned so soon as ever the day began to appear in his chamber, which no sooner peep'd through the windows, but that he immediately leapt out of his Bed, and fell to dressing himself after the best

manner he could deviſe, and much finer than he had at any time appear'd ſince his comming into *Barbary*, before. Like a Gallant who was to go viſit his Miſtriſs, he omitted nothing that he conceiv'd might ſerve to ſet him the better off, but rifled all his truncks, and tumbled over all his wardrobe, to find out what he thought might pleaſe her beſt. In which ſpruce dreſs he ſallyed out of his chamber, and in the ardor and eagerneſs it may be imagin'd he was at that time, was not above a quarter of an hour in going to the Garden. Being there come, he thought it was a little too early for the Ladies, and no body yet appear'd, notwithſtanding a little noiſe that he made in the Pavillion ſoon drew the *Sultaneſs* to the window, who threw ſomething down to make him come out into her view. *Albirond* was wonderfully aſtoniſh't at her ſight, for if he had omitted nothing, that might ſerve to make him appear with the better grace, and preſence; the *Sultaneſs* had alſo on her part been as curious to ſet off the luſtre of her own Beauty with an infinite number of Jewels, and a moſt exquiſite dreſs. Nothing

thing could be so rich, nor any thing was ever so fine; but it was withal a kind of undress, wherein a certain negligence was to be observ'd, mixt with an extraordinary pomp, but with all a negligence of very great Art. She had upon her head a rich Cawle of Gold after the Turkish fashion, that serv'd her in the nature of a Vail, with which she cover'd part of her neck, which modesty seem'd to oblige her to conceal, but that love made her now and then to discover by little accidental motions, but wherein there was nevertheless a great deal of design. *Albirond* had nothing about his heart that was proof against these enchantments, his eyes were ravisht with the delight of beholding so beautiful a person, and to such a degree, that, as if he had been charm'd, he had not once the power to open his mouth, to speak so much as one syllable to the fair *Sultaness*: She was therefore herself constrained to break the Ice, and to ask him how he had past the night. I am afraid, *Madam* (replyed *Albirond*) that I am to expect no more nights of repose, and if you will take the pains to consult your Glass, you

will there find, that it is very hard to behold you, and afterwards to sleep. To this she return'd no answer, but took occasion to let fall a very fair purse, which *Albirond* immediately gathered up, and was about to present it to her, but the *Sultaness* bad him keep it for her sake, telling him that it was full of kindness. The purse was a rich one made of Gold twist, and wrought with a great quantity of little pearls, which *Albirond* having five, or six times kiss't, he told the *Sultaness* (who saw and was very well pleas'd with that action,) that if it was full of kindness, he was afraid it would be the occasion of his death, because he had already more love than his heart was able to bear.

It is not to be believed how naturally gallant the Women are in that Country, there is nothing barbarous but the Men, neither are they barbarous to that degree, they are represented to us; but as for the women, there is nothing they are not expert in, that can any way contribute to the gaining of a heart; which doubtless proceeds from this, that the men having commonly more wives than one (they being permitted by their

Law,

Law, to take to the number of four legitimate wives) every one is industrious to gain the best room in his affection; and in this these Brutes are more successful than others of a more refin'd reason; so that this of whom we are now speaking, being the principal wife of the *Beglerbeg*, it is to be suppos'd was no fool. She was Sister to the *Basshaw*, and reputed the most beautiful woman of all *Tunis*; and though *Albirond* did not perfectly understand her language, he nevertheless was such a proficient in it, as to judge, that the fair *Turk* had a very great share of wit, for every thing that fell from her tongue was marvailour aery, and full of spirit, as well as infinitely obliging. You should (said she once to him upon occasion of his not well understanding something she had said,) by this time methinks have learnt our language. It is *Madam* (replyed *Albirond*) too short a time since I had first the honor to see you, to learn so much as to be perfect in a Language; especially, where the power of your fair eyes possest me with a passion sufficient to divert me. But (added the fair one) if one can love in one day, I

conceive also, that they may learn to understand in the same time, and I have an opinion that should you speak to me in any language whatsoever, I should make a shift to understand you. If it be that way you intend *Madam* (replied *Albirond* again) I do understand you very well, and assure you of the same; but it is also true, That this Language has no need of words, since the eyes render it intelligible enough, without other expressions: and after this manner mine will soon enform you of what my mouth would perhaps be puzled to explain. But are the eyes (continued the *Sultaness*) so faithful as not to deceive you? Mine are (replied the *Cavalier*,) and will not deceive you, when they give you to understand, that they are charm'd by the power of yours. If I have (said the fair one) obtein'd over you so great a victory, I have succeeded in my design; but you must know, that I intend to proceed further yet, and intend to penetrate into your very heart, to see if there be there any room for mine. Alass *Madam*! (replied *Albirond* with a deep sigh, and in a languishing accent) you have perhaps done

that

that already; for by the disorder I feel in my soul, I know very well, that my heart is no more my own. I must then also give you warning (said she smiling) to take heed, and fairly tell you before hand, that I am one of those Conquerors who never restore the places I have taken by assault, and am of an humor to reduce all things to fire, and bloud, before I will consent to be depriv'd of what is once my own.

I have no mind to repeat all that these new Lovers said to one another in their first ardor, and besides it might perhaps importune my Reader; what I have said is sufficient to let you see that they were already advanc'd pretty far in their affairs. There is no mean to be observ'd in love, which is only justified by its extravagancy and excess; and all things are excused, if not allowed, in people that are in love. *Albirond* returned toward the City, and his impatience was so great (as it commonly is in people possest with this passion) as would not permit him to forbear till he came home to his lodging, to examine the purse. The

work of it was exceedingly queint, and fine, which the better to admire he turn'd and turn'd it above a hundred times; at last he made bold to unty it, and without suspecting there was any thing within, drew out a Ticket (written in a Character very different from that of the slave, who writ a very fine hand) which contein'd these words in *Spanish*, which with much adoe maugre a great many pot-hooks, he made shift at last to unriddle.

The *Sultaness* Kahekma to the *French Cavalier.*

I Am afraid you already know what I am about to tell you, and you have too much wit not to have discovered it before. It is, That I love you, and have made choice of this way to discover it, to no other end, save only to free my self from the little perplexity I should have been in, to have told you so much by word of mouth. If you are gallant to that degree you seem to be, you know what use is to be made of such a declaration

tion. Only remember, that to be discreet is sufficient to make you happy amongst Ladies.

Albirond did by this letter what any other fortunate Lover in his place would have done, that is, he read, and read it three or four times over, and over again; and as often kissing the paper, tied it up again in the purse. Imagination is very powerful over the minds of Lovers, to heighten and magnifie objects. *Albirond* fancied himself to be raised to the greatest pitch of Fortune to which he could possibly arrive, a little piece of paper had elevated him above the condition of the rest of men, and he flatter'd and hugg'd himself with the greatest felicity imaginable; in which conceit so soon as he came to his lodging, he fell to framing an answer to his obliging Mistris, which was couch't in these termes.

Albirond

Albirond to the adorable *Sultaneſs* Kahekma.

IF it be true that my eyes are faithful to me (as I aſſure my ſelf they are, and that they have not deceived me,) my glory is too great, and the obliging words I have read in your Letter, *render me the happieſt Cavalier in the world. I concluded my torments to have been without remedy, and in that belief prepar'd my ſelf to ſuffer without opening my lips to complain; neither is it poſſible to expreſs with what an exceſs of joy it is, that I find my ſelf delivered from that apprehenſion. Your charmes (beautiful* Sultaneſs) *had infallibly deſtroy'd me, had not your Ticket come ſeaſonably to my relief; a little paper has relieved the place where you are pleaſed to lodg your heart. How powerful then muſt your characters be, that can with ſo little ado produce ſo great effects! It is true, that it is your own proper intereſt that you are pleaſed to defend; and it had not been juſt that you ſhould have abandoned it to the torments of Love, ſeeing you are Miſtriſs of the ſecret*

secret of raising it to the supreamest degree of happiness, by the assurances you have been pleased to give me of so glorious an affection.

Albirond did not hereafter proceed with so much caution as in prudence he ought to have done, and there was enough contein'd in this letter to have destroyed him, had his Mistriss been false, or her slave unfaithful to him; but when a man is once in love, he totally neglects his own conservation, which is the cause that love with very good reason is painted with a fillet over his eyes. In the mean time he past over this night with much greater content, than any of those that had gone before, not that he slept much better, but there is a sort of raving as nourishing and delightful as the soundest sleep, and that in recreating the Spirit does nothing abate of the bodies force, and vigour. Amorous souls are easily enclined to create to themselves very beautiful Ideas, and are apt to flatter their own hopes with the fruition of the greatest delights and advantages from the least things imaginable. *Albironds* imagination

nation had already plac'd him in the arms of the fair *Sultaneſs*, and he talkt to her, as if he had had her already really in his embraces. What ridiculous things theſe Lovers are, with how great facility does love delude their fancies!

I ſee (he cry'd) my killing fair
Darting this way her am'rous rayes,
And with ſo languiſhing an air,
As an enflam'd deſire betrayes:
From that ſnowy cheſt of thine,
A thouſand ſighs breath, in deſign
To come and wiſper in my ear,
And in an am'rous accent there
To ſay, oh Albirond *! my heart!*
If with love thou wounded art,
And haſt caught it from mine eye,
In thine armes oh let me dye.
At which my Soul ſenſible of thy ſmart
Knows in it's am'rous flame
With ſo much love, and ſo much heart,
As almoſt puts me out of breath again.
My ſences in theſe moments ſweet,
And theſe falſe baits amidſt, that cheat
My fancy into joy and ſweat,
Such new vigors do recover
As make me think I hold my fair embraſt
And me too, really to taſte
The true delights of the moſt happy lover.

Though

Though *Albirond* paſt away a good many happy hours in theſe pleaſing imaginations, yet that wherein he was again to go to viſit his adorable *Sultaneſs* was of too great importance to be neglected. This hour was already come, juſt as he was up and ready dreſt; wherefore taking a very pretty purſe he had, garniſht with ribons and puting his Ticket into it, he took his way towards the Garden, where (for Love adds wings to the moſt tardy and ſlow of pace) it was not long before he did arrive. His Miſtriſs was already at her window waiting for him; who ſo ſoon as he came within her reach, rain'd down upon him a ſhower of fine flowrs together with certain dainty Noſegays ſhe had neatly made, and adorn'd with a great number of pearl; all which *Albirond* gathered up, and put them into his hat; which being done he threw up his little purſe, which the *Sultaneſs* receiv'd with a very good grace, and kiſt it with the ſame Ceremony, and Affection that *Albirond* had done hers before. She very much admired the Work, and vvas mightily taken

with the gayneſs of it, which was new to her who had never ſeen any of that faſhion before. But her curioſity chiefly appear'd in the haſte ſhe made to open it, to ſee if there was not alſo ſome Ticket within, and to her great joy ſhe found that her dear *Amoroſo* had directed one to her; ſhe immediately deliver'd it to her ſlave to interpret, which whilſt ſhe was doing, the *Sultaneſs* in her eyes diſcover'd how much ſhe was delighted with the Contents, which ſhe alſo would ſometimes turn towards him, and in certain places of the letter with which ſhe was beſt pleaſed, threw little pibbles at him, calling him wag, wanton, and little fondling. After the ſlave had three or four times read it over to her, the *Sultaneſs* commanded her to entertain *Albirond* a while, and that ſhe would immediately return. The *Cavalier* took his oportunity of her abſence to demand of *Iſabella*, if ſhe had indited her Miſtris's letter, to which ſhe made anſwer, that ſhe had only tranſlated it out of the *Sultaneſs* her *Moriſco* into *Spaniſh*, who had from her tranſcribed it again in her own hand. This Slave had a marvailous ſhare of wit,

and

and neither her face nor her fashion were like those of an ordinary Slave, which *Albirond* had very well observ'd, and had he thought he should have had time to do it, before the *Sultaness* should return, had a mind to have entreated from her some short account of her life, and of the adveneure that had brought her to this Captivity; but the moments, that the *Sultaness* enjoy'd in his conversation were too ravishing for her longer to forbear to return. She came then loaden with sweet-meats of which she made her Lover a very liberal present, reserving only some few for her self and her slave, which they eat to bear him company. He this day likewise received another purse also full of Musk, and Civet, and Amber-Gris; and had this *Cavalier* had an avaritious Soul, he might also have added to the conquest of the heart of so beautiful a person a great number of Jewels, and knacks of exceeding great valew: but he who never had been good at receiving, and whose generous heart wholly enclin'd him to acts of bounty, had he had wherewithall to obey his liberal humor, could never have forgiven himself,

ſelf, and would have lookt upon it as an unpardonable crime, ſhould he once have entertain'd ſo much as a thought of making uſe of the bounty of this charming *Sultaneſs* to extract from thence advantages ſo mean, and ſo unworthy a man of honor.

One day entertaining his Miſtriſs at this rate, and telling her the deſpair he was in that he could not approach nearer to her, to have the honor at leaſt to kiſs her hand, and that the *Sultaneſs* manifeſted to him the ſame deſire, *Iſabella* contriv'd a way to ſatisfie them both in that particular; bidding *Albirond* go look a little below the old pallace, where he would find a pipe of Lead, through which in ſummer they convey'd water into the Bath, and there try if he could not thruſt in his arm. *Albirond* accordingly went, and found it true the Slave had told him concerning the pipe, which went through the wall; and returned to bring them the news. Upon which the *Sultaneſs* loſt no time to go meet her Gallant, who ſo ſoon as he heard a noyſe on the other ſide of the Wall, thruſt in his hand, which his Miſtriſs taking ſhe carreſt it a thou-

thousand pretty wayes, and having done so a pretty space, put through her own to *Albirond*'s side, who kist it a thousand thousand times, and paid it back the civilities he had received. If I was not now speaking of Lovers, I know the world would think me very ridiculous to insist upon these little foolings betwixt them, but such as know any thing of Love, will confess to me, that toying is none of the least delights, and that in the beginning of a passion, one turns every thing to good fortune. This perhaps was one of the greatest that *Albirond* was to expect or hope for, and he thought his sufferings very well recompenced with this little favour. Nothing could be so lovely as that hand of hers set off with a great number of rich rings; but notwithstanding that which he priz'd infinitely more was the incomparable whiteness of it, which in truth he was so strangly taken withal, that at that moment he would not have exchang'd that single hand, for the most beautiful body in the whole world, that of the same piece only excepted. However this kind of sport ended at last, after ha-

ving both of them several times past, and repast both the one hand, and the other, at one of which times the *Sultaness* took *Albirond's*, and layd it in her bosome, which *Albirond* was presently sensible of, both by the Softness, and the roundness of what he felt. And this hole serv'd them for some time after with several grateful opportunities of enjoying yet more and newer inventions of delight, in despite of the rude restraint of the *Seraglio*: but that wherein the Traffick of Love seem'd to be the most pleasingly maintained betwixt them through this Conduit, was in the amorous Letters they convey'd by this means to one another, so that nothing more could have been desired, but that it had been a little bigger, that they might have seen one another; or rather wide enough to pass through to a more perfect enjoyment.

These little *Gantilesses* having past betwixt them to their mutual satisfaction, *Albirond* return'd again to the window, where he was no sooner come, but that the Slave gave him to understand, that the *Sultaness* was a little offended with him; at which he

was

was very much surpriz'd, and askt her for what, for that he could not imagine how he could any way have disobliged her. It is (replied *Isabella*) because she expected you should have taken one of the Rings from off her fingers, to have kept it for her sake, as she believes had you had a real passion for her, you would have done. Hereupon the *Cavalier* entreated *Isabella* to appease her Mistris, by giving her to understand, that it was not the custom of the *French Cavaliers* to take any thing from fair Ladies, but rather to present them, than to receive any thing from them, as it was all the reason in the world they should. The *Sultaness* who was gone no further but into her Cabinet to take thence a Letter she had writ the night before, upon this immediately return'd to the window, where *Isabella* presented her with the excuses *Albirond* had desir'd her to make in his behalf, with which, and without much difficulty, she soon put her out of her little pet; I will nevertheless, said she, that *Albirond* hereafter accommodate himself to the humor of our Country, so long as he continues in it,

and afterwards he may purſue his own method with the Ladies of *Europe* if he pleaſe. We Women here are as generous as the men are in his Country, and he is not to pretend to an advantage over us in that particular. It ſeems then Madam (ſaid *Albirond*) that you will after this manner buy thoſe hearts, which your own charmes have power ſufficient to ſubdue to your devotion; it would alſo ſeem (replied the *Sultaneſs*) that you would make a purchaſe of ours, which your own merits do themſelves enough deſerve. We conſider not all the value of the things we preſent, we only ſeek the pleaſure of giving; and that becauſe it is a high teſtimony of Love, when we frankly beſtow our favors.

This was no ill paſſing away of a mans time in *Barbary* to be treated after this manner by ſo beautiful a perſon; and had there been any bounds in Love, with which a man could reſt content, *Albirond* had certainly been in a very happy condition, and had had all the reaſon imaginable to be highly ſatisfied with his fortune; but it is not love when a man can ſtop there, and

it

it is impoſſible to love, and not to purſue it to the end. In the mean time this paſſionate *Amoroſo* could not tell how to hope for much more than he had already received; he lov'd in a place where nothing but a ſpirit could get in, the door of the priſon of theſe fair Slaves was never open to any, but to thoſe poor Martirs of Jealouſy; and what wayes ſo ever *Albirond* could contrive to this end, he found them all full of danger and impoſſibility: nay *Iſabella* her (ſelf with all the wit ſhe had) was to ſeek in this affair, and the *Sultaneſs* whoſe deſire was equally great with that of *Albirond*, now began to conſider, in what an unhappy perplexity ſhe had embark't herſelf, to love where there was no poſſible hope of remedy. Alaſs! ſaid ſhe one day to her ſlave, into what a misfortune (my dear *Iſabella*) have I blindly precipitated my ſelf; which is ſuch, that whether I love, or am beloved, I find my ſelf on all ſides environ'd with ruine. For what advantage is it to me, that a dear Lover has a noble paſſion for me, if I can no way relieve him? my own torment by that meanes only be-

and afterwards he may purſue his own method with the Ladies of *Europe* if he pleaſe. We Women here are as generous as the men are in his Country, and he is not to pretend to an advantage over us in that particular. It ſeems then Madam (ſaid *Albirond*) that you will after this manner buy thoſe hearts, which your own charmes have power ſufficient to ſubdue to your devotion; it would alſo ſeem (replied the *Sultaneſs*) that you would make a purchaſe of ours, which your own merits do themſelves enough deſerve. We conſider not all the value of the things we preſent, we only ſeek the pleaſure of giving; and that becauſe it is a high teſtimony of Love, when we frankly beſtow our favors.

This was no ill paſſing away of a mans time in *Barbary* to be treated after this manner by ſo beautiful a perſon; and had there been any bounds in Love, with which a man could reſt content, *Albirond* had certainly been in a very happy condition, and had had all the reaſon imaginable to be highly ſatisfied with his fortune; but it is not love when a man can ſtop there, and

it

it is impoſſible to love, and not to purſue it to the end. In the mean time this paſſionate *Amoroſo* could not tell how to hope for much more than he had already received; he lov'd in a place where nothing but a ſpirit could get in, the door of the priſon of theſe fair Slaves was never open to any, but to thoſe poor Martirs of Jealouſy; and what wayes ſo ever *Albirond* could contrive to this end, he found them all full of danger and impoſſibility: nay *Iſabella* her (ſelf with all the wit ſhe had) was to ſeek in this affair, and the *Sultaneſs* whoſe deſire was equally great with that of *Albirond*, now began to conſider, in what an unhappy perplexity ſhe had embark't herſelf, to love where there was no poſſible hope of remedy. Alaſs! ſaid ſhe one day to her ſlave, into what a misfortune (my dear *Iſabella*) have I blindly precipitated my ſelf; which is ſuch, that whether I love, or am beloved, I find my ſelf on all ſides environ'd with ruine. For what advantage is it to me, that a dear Lover has a noble paſſion for me, if I can no way relieve him? my own torment by that meanes only be-

comes so much the greater, and I suffer at the same time all the miseries I cause in him. What have I committed against Heaven to endow me with a destiny so averse to Love! or why does Love make me love, where destiny has interpos'd so many invincible difficulties betwixt my love, and me!

Isabella, who besides the obligation she had to her Mistris, had moreover a particular inclination for her; did not here abandon her in her sorrow, but shar'd with her the one half of her Tears. There was nothing she would not have undertaken to ease her of her grief, in order whereunto she every day attempted something; but still to no purpose, so that she was fain to referr it to time to produce some happy alteration in the fortune of her afflicted Mistris. But time brings a very slow and pitiful relief to the passion of Lovers to whom every moment seems an Age. The *Sultaness* found nothing in that, that any way contributed to her consolation; death it self would have been more welcome to her, than those delayes, and she desir'd, and indeed in the languishing condition she then

was,

was, ſtood in need of a prompter remedy.

In the end ſhe unbethought her ſelf, that *Albirond* might perhaps come through the *Beglerbegs* apartment to a window of her Chamber that lookt into the Bath of the *Seraglio*, which though it was ſhut up with a Gril it would nevertheleſs be ſome eaſe to their torments, if ſhe might once at leaſt embrace him through the Grate, to obtain which ſhe had nothing to do but to corrupt the Governor of the Pallace; which ſhe doubted not but *Albirond* might eaſily bring about. This project of hers ſhe communicated to *Iſabella*, who upon the hearing of it confeſt, That Love was very inventive in the wits of thoſe who were his *Proſelites*: For that ſhe (ſhe ſaid) could never have thought of ſuch an expedient. She ſaw no impoſſibility in the thing, and the ſole difficulty of overcomming the Governor appear'd unto her a very eaſy matter for *Albirond* to effect; who being very much conſidered in the Pallace, might with ſome little Preſent make him do whatever he would have him. The *Sultaneſs*

was mighty well pleased to see her plot approv'd of by *Isabella*, and that she saw so little difficulty in effecting it, wherefore so soon as *Albirand* came in the morning she told him what she had thought on in order to some little enjoyment of each other, and that it would not be amiss for him to take a little pains to try if he could not bring it about. It is not to be presum'd that so passionate a Lover must needs be ravisht with so fair an occasion, he promis'd therefore that he would neglect nothing; but would use his best endeavor to overcome all difficulties, and so departed. All the remainder of the day he spent in meditating of the means and prepared himself for his undertaking, as a thing upon which his good or evil fortune chiefly depended. It was nevertheless an odd kind of satisfaction to see a fair Lady with whom he was passionately in love through a few Iron Bars only, in which at once there would be pleasure and pain mixt together; but yet (if we consider it) what a happiness it must needs be to a Lover who had never seen her before, but at the distance of fourty Cubits o-

ver

ver his head, is not easy to be imagined.

Now this Governor, that he was to deal withal, was a man of a Bruitish and difficult humor, who was not to be overreacht by subtilties and devices; and therefore it was necessary to deal with him by hand, and to engage him by a Bribe, and yet there was no safety in trusting him with so dangerous a secret. It was therefore requisite to make the engine move without giving him any light into the affair, and that was a thing of no ordinary difficulty. *Albiroud* nevertheless (hoping all things from Love and Fortune) made provision of some bottles of excellent wine, together with good store of Fowl, and whatever else was necessary for a handsom treat, with these he takes a case of very fine pistols that he had brought out of *France* along with him, and followed by three Slaves that carried all the good provision, goes early in the morning to the Garden. Being come to the place he repairs forthwith to the Governors Lodgings, whom he found in his Chamber, telling him at his entrance into the room, that he was come

to

to dine with him, and to that purpose had brought wherewithal to make a tollerable repast, that therefore there remain'd no more care nor trouble for him, but only to cause a good fire to be made to get ready the Fowl, and so fall too. The Governor at this good news a little unbent his angry brows, but that which chiefly made him clear up his sullen looks, was the sight of the bottles of Wine, which was not familiar to him, it being a liquor that he seldom tasted of but at such good times as the *Beglerbeg* came thither to make a debauch. A stoop of good Wine is an admirable pass-port wherever a man goes, and better receiv'd in all places, than the best letters of recommendation. This Governor had a drunken Soul of his own, which made him receive *Albirond* at the first appearance of the Bottles with a civility not usual to his brutish nature, but after he had drunk half a dozen Glasses, he fell to caressing him with the greatest tenderness, and friendship imaginable. He lik'd the Wine wonderfully well, which made our *Cavalier*, who would loose no opportunity of setting all his engines

engines on work, tell him, that if he lik'd that ſort of Wine, he might ſend for it if he pleaſed every day, a complement that I do aſſure you, in few words, pleaſed; and prevail'd upon him more than a long ſet ſpeech, penn'd with the greateſt elegancy and art. The houſe was all on a roar with joy, by the example of the Governor, whom his ſervants had not ſeen in ſo good a humor of many a day.

Albirond took an occaſion whilſt dinner was making ready to go take a turn, or two in the Garden, where being come, he ſaw no body at the uſual Rendez-vouz, and yet the hour appointed was already paſt, but by making a little noiſe he drew the Slave to the window, who died with impatience to ſee him come, by reaſon the *Sultaneſs* was in ſo great anxiety, that ſhe was layd down upon her Bed to entertain her melancholy, believing that ſince *Albirond* ſo long deferr'd his comming, he was certainly fruſtrated in his deſign. She ran therefore in all haſte to tell her Miſtriſs he was there, who thereupon preſently appear'd at the window but infinitely ſad, though

with

with a sadness that immediately cleared up upon the sight of her Lover, who there gave her an account of the good forwardness their affairs were in. The *Sultaness* was very well satisfied with the news; and was so confident of *Albironds* dexterity (as people are apt to believe what best pleases them) that she doubted not of having that very day the joy of embracing, and kissing her beloved Servant.

They then past away some time in flattering one another, with what delights they should enjoy in this enterview, which also they already seem'd to taste by way of advance, when a certain noise interrupted their discourse, and made them both shift as fast as they could to conceal themselves. This was the Governor who himself was come to call *Albirond* in to dinner; and having run through all the walks of the Garden, had left no place unsought but that side only adjoyning to the *Seraglio*, which likewise he examin'd from the one end to the other, without any news nevertheless of him he sought for, by reason that he had conceal'd himself in the Pavilion,

vilion, and who ſo ſoon as the Governor was gone a little paſt him, ſtole out behind him, and taking the ſhorteſt cut out of the Garden went into the Kitchin. *Azem* (for ſo was this Governor call'd) came in alſo preſently after, telling him that he had been all over the Garden to ſeek him.

The Cloth was preſently layd, down they ſate, and to't they fell with very good appetites; but they did not eat ſo well, but that they drank a great deal better. *Azem* had moreover invited the three Guards of the Pallace (for there was no more) who likewiſe laid luſtily about them, inſomuch that it requir'd very little pains to make them drunk, for they drunk freely enough of themſelves, and voluntarily doubled the healths that *Albirond* began.

The dinner laſted a little too long for thoſe Guards, who were oblig'd to be continually at the Gates of the Pallace, and it had been no leſs than preſent death had the *Beglerbeg* chanc'd to come, and not found them there which made them take leave of the Company, and return to their poſt, by which means

meanes our *Cavalier* had the greater liberty to entertain the Governor, than he had during the time of their being there. He made good use then it is to be supposed of his opportunity, and so good that there past interchangeably great protestations of love and inviolate friendship betwixt them, when it being now time to give the last blow to the business, *Albirond* drew his case of pistols out of his pocket, and of them made a present to *Azem*. The *Turk* at first made some difficulty of receiving them, thinking it too great a favour, and presently fell to rifling his Chamber to find out something that was fit to give him in return of so great a bounty; and made him an offer of a very fine Cimitar, no no (said *Albirond* embracing him in his armes) you shall give me nothing but your friendship, only I shall desire of you, if you can do it, to let me see an apartment in the Pallace I have not yet seen, which I am told is furnisht with the richest furniture, and have a great curiosity to see it; I mean that which is over the *Mosque*. That quarter (replied the Governor roundly to him) is that which leads to

the

the *Seraglio* of the Women, where indeed there are ſome very fair Romes very richly furniſh'd, and where is no ſpare of Gold and pretious ſtones; but no one is ever permitted to enter there, but with the *Beglerbeg*; amongſt which rooms there is one that looks through a grated window into the Bath of the *Sultaneſs*, and it would be dangerous both for you, and for me, to have you ſeen there, by reaſon this is the ſeaſon wherein they Bathe. I ſhall not offer to go into that room ſaid *Albirond*, but ſhall ſatisfie my curioſity by ſeeing as I paſs through the other Chambers, the richeſt of the beds, and Hangings I have heard ſo highly extold.

Azem was too deeply engaged to his liberality, or had perhaps drunk too deep to deny him this; but it was upon condition, that he ſhould never ſpeak of it to any one living, for that it was as much as his life was worth, ſhould it ever come to be known. *Albirond* made no difficulty to give him that aſſurance, nor the other thereupon to deliver him the Key, and becauſe he was of neceſſity to go to the City to ſpeak with the *Beglerbeg* about ſome-

thing

thing that was to be done in the Garden, he entreated him to stay till he came back, that he might return the Key into his own hands.

In short all things favour'd *Albirondi's* design, and now the *Sultaness* who had given out to her people that she intended to bath, had above a long hour expected his coming, when he having open'd some doors stole softly from one Chamber to another, till at last he came to that where the window was, and where [illegible] at first discovered no more [illegible] end of his nose, to see if no body were there. I dare not here take upon me to tell what joy he felt within; for I should be afraid either of saying too much to be believed, or of saying too little to express his transports, while he had past through all the Chambers in so great haste, and with so little regard to what he was doing, that he scarce knew which way he had come; all the Guilding, all the Ornaments, all the Diamonds; nor all the Pearls there had once the power to arrest his sight, and his eyes were blind to all things but that window; but what charms, what beauties did he then see

of

Of Beauty all that Nature ever made
Of charming all that Love could ere (invent;
Here to our Lovers sight were all displayd
To make him with his fortune most con- (tent:
What charmes! what smiles! alwayes by (Love in all
His trim was dreſt for this great Feſtival,
So ſweetly look'd the lovely African,
By whom her happy lover at firſt ſight,
Was ſhot with ſuch a [illegible] flaſh of (light),
That through his eyes he thought he had (been ſtarn.

The *Sultaneſs* was laid down close by the Bath under a Canopy of crimſon Damask upon a Bed of the ſame colour, raiſed no more than half a foot only from the Ground. There was in the Bath a ſtove that kept the place ſufficiently warm, from whence iſſued out a perfume of divers odors, which diſperſt it ſelf throughout the whole houſe; but the face and poſture of this charming perſon carried with them enchantments that rendred all the ſences

but the sight only of no use. She was in an undress fit to go into the Bath, her hair dishevell'd, her breast all open, her armes at liberty in great wide Sleevs of a Cambrick smock, and for a covering to the best part about her, she had only a short Jupe that reaching very little lower than the knee, gave the eye free access to delicate legs, and feet dress'd in rich buskins embroydered with Gold, and set over with Diamonds: but in truth this picture I here give you of her, is very differing from, and infinitely short of what I received from *Albirond*.

She was asleep when *Albirond* came first to the window, and he had made so little noise in coming that he did not otherwise, than by violence of his sighs disturb her rest. He was turn'd to a statue, at the sight of so many Graces, and what has been fained of the *Metamorphose's*, was at this time true in him. At last this adorable beauty awak'd, and was the most surpriz'd in the world to see *Albirond* so near her, and blushing as if she had been asham'd of being taken in that posture, called for *Isabella* who was at work in the next

room

room to bring her veil, which having thrown over her she went to her beloved love. You have surpriz'd me *Albirond* said she in a very odd posture, and I am afraid, have seen something that you should not have done; I know not what you think of me. What I have seen (*Madam*) replied *Albirond*, has abated nothing of the affection I have for you, and has only serv'd to augment a Passion which I had thought had been by nothing to have been encreased. I, but for all that (added the fair one) I ought to punish you for not waking me at first, which indeed you should have done. If *Madam* (answered the *Cavalier* again) you would allow a mans Soul more liberty when he looks upon you, one should then better know ones duty, but a man turns Marble at the sight of so many charms, and if you had not restored my voice, I do believe I should have continued all day without uttering a word. But what ayld you (said she) that you could not speak. Alas my Soul, *Madam*, my Soul (said he) that you have ravisht, and do yet retain from me, so that I know not if I am alive, or no, if you do not

please to restore it with a kiss. You shall not dye said the charming *African* for so small a thing as that, and thereupon stretching his armes through the Grates, (the Bars whereof were so wide as to allow room for half the head) she embrac'd, and kiss'd him more than once.

Radoppia o bella bocca a mille, a mille
Hor sommessi hor profondi, hora tenaci
Hora humidetti Ibacci, hora mordaci,
E risuonar facian queste ville.

He received and gave all sorts of kisses, in which conflict his lips were so well bit, that they spin'd out of blood in above twenty places. The desire with which he was at that time enflamed, did not however so totally take away his sence of feeling, that he was not sensible of this strange way of kissing, which made him shew his blood to the *Sultaness*, who only laught at it, and wiping his mouth with her own handkercher, call'd his blood the Soul of sighs, kissing him over and over again, a thousand and a thousand times. Another kind of amorous divertisement

the

the Ladies have in that Country, is, to take you under the chin, where they will tweak you so kindly, that for the most part, they bring away the skin upon their nails. *Albirond* in revenge of this kindness recompenc'd himself with his hands for the loss of his bloud, and whilst the *Sultaness* carrest him after this bloudy manner, grop'd her all over, without any manner of respect, which she was so far from being angry at, that she took no notice at all of that action, no more than if she had not perceiv'd it.

Time passes away marvailous swiftly in these sweet occasions, but *Albirond* had not so far lost his senses, that he did not very well remember the time for his departure already call'd upon him, and that though he had lock'd up himself fast in this apartment, he ought by no means to stay till the Governor should come back to call him out. This might have given him some suspition, and it was also high time for the *Sultaness* to retire, not to give any to the other Women that attended her, who might have thought some accident had befaln her, should she longer than

ordinary have deferr'd to return from the Bath. They began therefore to take leave, and to embrace, as they had been never to see one another again, and so many tears were shed at parting as drown'd all the pleasures they had lately enjoy'd. The *Sultaness* at this separation put a very fair Diamond ring upon *Albirondi* finger, and he also gave her another that he used to wear, which were the pledges of their faith. What unconscionable Usury does love make his poor subjects pay for two or three moments of delight! It seem'd to *Albirond* that he had lost the light, being separated from the sight of his fair *Sultaness*, and not knowing which way for the future to come to see her so near again, he could have wisht himself dead. What he had seen, and the satisfactions he had had that afternoon, so wholly possessed his mind, that he past over the whole night in raving of it, without the least inclination to sleep. The remembrance of which felicities, furiously augmented his unrest, and enflam'd his desires; and when he came to consider that this had been the greatest, if not the last favour

he

he ſhould ever receive, he fell into a mortal deſpair. The *Sultaneſs* in the mean time was no leſs perplext, and took as little reſt as he; for Women are for the moſt part more violent in their paſſions than men, eſpecially when they are once arriv'd at ſuch a point, that there is but one ſtep more to the height of their deſires. This fair Lady ſight away the time upon a Bed which ſhe bath'd with her tears, as if ſhe had been the only perſon in the world that had the greateſt reaſon to be afflicted; and there was nothing but the company of her dear *Iſabella* that did a little conſolate her for the loſs of her deareſt Lover. Pitty my grief (ſaid ſhe to her) my dear Slave, and if there be no cure to be had, find out at leaſt ſome way to deceive it. Invent ſome argument, if it be poſſible, to make me believe I ſhall once again embrace my beloved *Albirond*, and receive ſome teſtimony of his real affection for me, for without that I find I cannot live. *Iſabella* promi'd her to employ all the wits ſhe had to try to ſerve her, and to find ſome means to bring *Albirond* into her arms; telling her withal that ſhe had thought

of one expedient which seemed to be the shortest way, but that it had in it a little difficulty, which she much doubted whether *Albirond*, (though she knew he had the courage to attempt it,) had yet the strength to overcome, which was to come through the window they were wont to entertain him at, to which end she would let him down a Rope to help him.

This was in truth a design of the safer sort, but that nevertheless appear'd almost impossible in the opinion of the *Sultaness*, who concluded the window to be too high for any one to get up to it with the help of one Rope only, and therefore fell to contriving other projects, but could think of none wherein the danger of *Albirond*'s ruine was not manifest, and almost certain; and indeed to say the truth, there was no way but that of the window, that could give them any hope to execute their design without apparent danger. They past over the whole night in plotting their heads together upon this subject, and in the morning so soon as it was day, and that *Albirond* was come into the Garden (for

he

he was grown a mighty early riser) *Isabella* acquainted him with the perplexity her Lady and her self had all night been in, to contrive some way to get him into the *Seraglio*, and that if he was no wiser than they, they could think of no other, then that he must adventure to climb up the wall, and so come in at the window. *Albirond* replied, that after having long tormented himself to find out some invention, he had at last light upon the same thought, and that therefore if she could help him to a Rope, he would presently try what he could do. Upon this the Slave went presently to fetch one she had already prepar'd for the purpose, and return'd bringing the *Sultaness* along with her, who would also lay to her helping hand if need requir'd. They tied the rope then fast to the window, and afterwards let it down to *Albirond*, who in the first ardor, and hopes of his approaching happiness, mounted with admirable agility, and courage the height of ten or a dozen cubits; but the rope that had been ill chosen, though it was spick and span new, would not serve his turn upon this occasion

casion, it was both too smooth, and too slender, there was not grasp enough to be taken of it, and it cut his hands to pieces; nevertheless he put to his utmost force, and redoubling his endeavour, mounted more than half the way. But his vigor could no longer continue in the pain he felt of his hands, and his activity was of so little use, where his strength fail'd him. It was too invincible a labour to perform without the help of a better rope, and he was so weary, that he was able to advance no further, he was therefore constrain'd to go down again, and in so doing, to let himself slip so fast, by reason of the soreness of his hands, that he thought he had broke his Legs, and did effectually put one ankle out of joint with the fall.

The *Sultaness* was a woful spectatrix of this unhappy accident; and the cry that *Albirond* made at the pain of his foot, pierc'd so deeply into her very heart, that she sunk down half dead into the arms of her beloved Slave. Our unfortunate *Cavalier* was so totally taken up with the sense of his own pain, that he took no notice at all of his Mi-

stris

ſtrift ſwooning, and very much ado he had to crawl three or four paces to lean himſelf againſt the wall of the Pavillion; ſuch as have had ſuch miſchances, know whether they are painful, or no. In the mean time a little ayr that the Slave gave the *Sultaneſs* by opening her boſom, made her come to her ſelf again, who at the firſt opening of her eyes, caſt them upon her beloved *Albironi* with ſo languiſhing a look, as had been of vertue ſufficient to have taken away more than the one half of his pain, had it not been alwaged before by the tender ſence he had already ſeen ſhe had for his diſaſter. But he muſt no longer delay to get ſome remedy for his foot; wherefore with intollerable pain he made ſhift to get to the Garden door, where finding his horſe ready for him, he immediately mounted, and in a very little time arriv'd at the City.

The *Sultaneſs* ſaw him limp off in this miſerable condition with a heart ſo ſhrunk up with ſorrow, that ſhe was not able to give him ſo much as one word; but went preſently, and threw her ſelf upon her bed, there to lament

a misfortune so bitter, and of which she accus'd her self for the only cause. Alas (said the afflicted fair one) how miserable (my dear *Albirond*) am I, if I no better reward thy fidelity and affection! are these the favors that I owe to thy generous passion, and do I only love thee to destroy thee! Ye Destinies who are so obstinately bent against me, what pleasure can you take in making me love after this manner, is it not enough that I am once unfortunate, but you must double my misfortunes? Cruel Destinies! let me alone suffer the effects of all your malice, but forbear to wound me in that part where I am so sensible; be less cruel to so dear a Lover, and I will never complain of your utmost severities. His courage, his address, his mind, and all those charming qualities he is Master of to so eminent a degree, should me-thinks plead in his behalf, and prevail upon your obduracy to afford him a better fortune; and Heaven it self should, in my opinion, work something in his favor. Has he merited your displeasure to that degree to be so ill rewarded for his kindness to me? Oh, if it be possible exercise your

power

power with less injustice, if you will render your selves worthy of our devotion.

Sorrow was here more eloquent than powerful: when it is not excessive there is a certain kind of pleasure in complaining, which the afflicted are sensible of in evaporating their griefs. The *Sultaness* her self even in her distress found something of consolation in it, that gave some little ease to her heart; and *Isabella* who never left her, did all that in her lay to mollifie the cause of her despair. She remonstrated to her, that the hurt *Albirond* had receiv'd was not peradventure so great as she imagin'd it to be, that the next day she hop'd they should see him, and that he would be well, and that even for his sake she ought not to torment her self after that manner; least by so doing she should make her self sick, than which nothing could more crucifie him. This Slave had so ready, and so flattering a wit, that she could perswade her to whatever she would; nevertheless it was not enough to this enamour'd Lady to see *Albirond* only, if she could only see him as she had hitherto done,

and

and though he ſhould be cur'd of his foot, his heart would ſtill remain in the ſame wounded condition, neither would that amendment in him cure her of her burning deſire wherewith ſhe was continually tormented. Ah *Iſabella* (ſaid ſhe to her upon this ſubject) how furious a paſſion is love, when one has no hope of remedy! What good will it do me to ſee him, if I do not ſee him here, if I continue ſtill in the ſame torments, and cannot obtein opportunity to manifeſt to him my amorous tranſports, and mix my Soul with his? Well *Madam* (replied the Slave) have a little patience; Love is ingenuous, and *Albirond* will I warrant you again find means to ſee you in the Bath, by once more deceiving the Governor. That thou art ſimple (replied the *Sultaneſs* with a little freedom) to believe that love can be ſatisfied through an Iron Grate. There muſt be nothing betwixt us two, but that God of our Souls, and Iron Bars are both too hard, and too cold to permit us to taſte the pleaſures of an amorous and enflam'd ardor. She ſpoke with this liberty to *Iſabella*, whoſe heart

and

and fidelity were sufficiently known to her, and also her torments were a little mollified by these discourses, for a little thing will serve to ease the pains of these Lovers, and to qualifie them for a time. But in the morning when she saw that *Albirond* came not, she then fell in good earnest into so great a sorrow, that she neither eat nor drank any thing of all that day, giving *Isabella* to apprehend, that she would fall into the last despair. The other Slaves that attended on her thought she had been ill of some violent feavor, the rumor whereof was spread throughout the whole *Seraglio*, and in the evening came to the ear of the *Beglerbeg* himself.

Albirond so soon as ever he came into the City, presently got his ankle set, and by the advise of his Chirurgeon kept his Chamber. He did not however loose his time, but having got a better rope than the former, he fitted it after such manner, that it might be a little more useful to him in the execution of his design. He tied it therefore full of great knots, and with another little cord, that he had also provided,

and though he ſhould be cur'd of his foot, his heart would ſtill remain in the ſame wounded condition, neither would that amendment in him cure her of her burning deſire wherewith ſhe was continually tormented. Ah *Iſabella* (ſaid ſhe to her upon this ſubject) how furious a paſſion is love, when one has no hope of remedy! What good will it do me to ſee him, if I do not ſee him here, if I continue ſtill in the ſame torments, and cannot obtein opportunity to manifeſt to him my amorous tranſports, and mix my Soul with his? Well *Madam* (replied the Slave) have a little patience; Love is ingenuous, and *Albirond* will I warrant you again find means to ſee you in the Bath, by once more deceiving the Governor. That thou art ſimple (replied the *Sultaneſs* with a little freedom) to believe that love can be ſatisfied through an Iron Grate. There muſt be nothing betwixt us two, but that God of our Souls, and Iron Bars are both too hard, and too cold to permit us to taſte the pleaſures of an amorous and enflam'd ardor. She ſpoke with this liberty to *Iſabella*, whoſe heart

and

and fidelity were sufficiently known to her, and also her torments were a little mollified by these discourses, for a little thing will serve to ease the pains of these Lovers, and to qualifie them for a time. But in the morning when she saw that *Albirond* came not, she then fell in good earnest into so great a sorrow, that she neither eat nor drank any thing of all that day, giving *Isabella* to apprehend, that she would fall into the last despair. The other Slaves that attended on her thought she had been ill of some violent feavor, the rumor whereof was spread throughout the whole *Seraglio*, and in the evening came to the ear of the *Begterbeg* himself.

Albirond so soon as ever he came into the City, presently got his ankle set, and by the advise of his Chirurgeon kept his Chamber. He did not however loose his time, but having got a better rope than the former, he fitted it after such manner, that it might be a little more useful to him in the execution of his design. He tied it therefore full of great knots, and with another little cord, that he had also provided,

vided, made here and there certain little Rounds or steps upon which he might rest one foot when he was weary. He past over a good part of the night in adjusting this device, and so soon as it was day, finding his feet in a condition to support him without danger, he mounted to horse, and himself carrying the rope along with him, repair'd forthwith to the Garden. *Isabella* who there expected him with great impatience, was continually watching at the window, to spy if she could see him comes and her Mistris would dye if she saw him not that day. So soon therefore as ever she set her eye upon him, she presently ran to carry the tydings to the afflicted *Sultaness* who upon the instant started up, and flew with unimaginable swiftness to the place, though her weakness was such as upon any other occasion would hardly have permitted her to set one foot before another, where being come she appeared to her happy Lover in a funeral pomp, which did not ill set off the whiteness of her skin, and which was a great blank veil that cover'd her body all over. *Albinoni* discover'd in the

eyes

eyes of his beautiful Mistris, as well as in her habit, something that was extraordinary sad, and even her posture was so languishing; that he was afraid some dire misfortune had befaln her; which made him in great anxiety of thought, demand of her the cause of so great sadness; when the Slave seeing her Mistris return no answer, advanced to speak for her, telling him that the *Sultaness* had like to have died for sorrow, at the accident had the other day befaln him, which she did apprehend to be much greater than it was, by reason he had not been there the day before, and that that was the cause of the alteration he saw in her. *Albirond* then acquainted them with the reason, and consecutively shew'd them the rope he had brought, at the same time linking it at the end of the former, which yet hung down, and which they also drew up to them, and made it fast to the window.

The trees did so shade the wall of that apartment of the *Seraglio*, that *Albirond* could not possibly be seen. He therefore began his Scalado, wherein he scrambled so well, and made so

good ſhift, what with his hands, and what with his feet, that at laſt with much adoe he got up to the window. The *Sultaneſs* had withdrawn her ſelf into her Chamber for fear of ſeeing him receive another diſgrace, ſo that pulling the rope up to him, he follow'd *Iſabella*, who led him by a pair of ſtairs of fifteen or twenty ſteps, which mounted into her Miſtriſſes Chamber. The *Sultaneſs* did not as yet appear, and the impatience of our *Amoroſo* was ſuch as not longer to endure to be delaid from ſeeing her, which made him with great earneſtneſs demand of *Iſabella* where ſhe was, to which the Slave made anſwer, that ſhe was only gone to put on Ornaments more ſuitable to the preſent joy of ſeeing him in that place, and would immediately return. Accordingly ſhe delaid not to come, and at her firſt entrance into the room throwing herſelf into the armes of her amorous Gallant, ſhe gave him by that action an infallible teſtimony of an extraordinary paſſion; as *Albirond* alſo by devouring kiſſes, and cloſe embraces demonſtrated his; in which affectionate Contention they naturally

ſtrove

ſtrove who ſhould exceed each o-ther.

I ſhall not here trouble my Reader; nor my ſelf with a deſcription of the furniture of this Apartment, within which was a Cabinet or Cloſet hung with cloath of Gold, ſet all over with Emeralds and Diamonds, of which I ſhall only in general give this ſhort account; That it was a place ſufficient in it ſelf to have created Love, had they brought none along with them. The *Sultaneſs* led *Albirond* into this ſplendid Cabinet, where they both of them ſate down upon embroyder'd Cuſhions cloſe by a bed of the *Turkiſh* faſhion; and where being ſate, they look'd upon one another without ſpeaking one word, as both of them knowing one anothers minds, without it being neceſſary that either of them ſhould break the Ice. Theſe moments are none of the leaſt happy, but they are of very little duration, and the violence of paſſion does with great facility tranſport us to delights of greater ardor. The Beds of that Country are the moſt commodious in the world, for certain little wanton purpoſes; they

are very little rais'd from the Ground; and love had rendred the fair *African* so feeble, that *Albirond* with one sigh blew her flat upon her back into the middle of this by which they were seated.

Who that had seen these two young people in this posture, but would have thought the hour of their happiness had been now come, wherein to communicate their mutual fires, and to mix their souls; and that there was now no further obstacle to their full enjoyment of one another: but *Isabella* came just in the nick to spoil the sport, and made them to separate in so great haste, that it was not a minute to be delaid. Ah *Madam* said she (as she entered into the Cabinet pale, and almost breathless for fear) we are lost, we are undone, for here is the *Beglerbeg* come in, and is already enter'd the Apartment. The very name of the *Beglerbeg*, immediately frose up the bloud of the two Lovers already in the height of Circulation, and strook them into so great an astonishment, that *Albirond* knew not which way to take, nor what to do: but the *Sultaness* without standing to

pause,

pause, hastily going out lock'd him in the Cabinet, from whence he would with all his heart have thrown himself out of the window, had it not look'd into the Base-Court of the *Seraglio*. Neither could he go back by the same way he came without danger of meeting the *Beblerbeg*, so that every thing fill'd him with fear and confusion, and he fancied every moment that he was already taken. He therefore fell to peeping up and down for some little hole, or corner wherein to hide himself, but the place that in the end conceal'd him, was too little to be by him discover'd at first sight, and in a hurry and fright wherein he sought it; though at last he found a little door in a corner of the Cabinet behind the hangings, wherein by good fortune the Key accidentally was, and in opening found that it was (sir-reverence) a house of office. The place was very straight and capable of containing very little more than one person only, especially one of his bulk and stature, however he thought it at this time the finest place that ever he had been in, and very glad he was that he had found it, and per-

haps it was at that time of all others the most proper for him. I cannot nevertheless affirm that his joy was altogether perfect: For he was not oversafe there, and in the apprehension he was, some one might perhaps have seen him climb the window, who had acquainted the *Beglerbeg* with it, he could not but think he should presently be found out; and it was no small cause he had to fear, for the least that could befall him, should he be taken there, was to be roasted, or flead alive, and that without appeal or any hopes of pardon. The *Sultaness* on the other side after she had lock't *Albirond* in the Cabinet, and put the Key in her pocket, went, and threw her self upon the Bed in her Chamber, where she lay expecting *Sidi Mahomet* her husband. In which condition she much needed not to counterfeit being sick; the fear she was in, not a little contributing to make her look very pale and ill.

The *Beglerbeg* whom the report of his wives sickness had drawn thither so early in the morning to cure her by his presence, at his coming into the room carrest and kist her a thousand and a

thousand times; for you must know, that it is ordinary with the *Turkish* Women, when their husbands never so little omit their ordinary visits to them, to take it so hainously to heart, as to be effectually sick indeed. Wherefore *Sedi Mahomet* thinking the *Sultaness* had no other Malady but that, and no longer to defer the remedy he purpos'd to apply unto her, bid his wife cause her Cabinet to be opened, for there it was that at his kindest visits he usually past the time away with her: But the unfortunate Lady concluding that there would be an end of *Albirond* if she should open it, pretended to have lost the Key two dayes before. The excuse was passable enough to be found out on the suddain, but it would not serve the turn, for the *Beglerbeg* to shew how impatient he was to content her, seeing the Key was not to be presently had, commanded some of the Eunuch's to break open the door.

Whoever had at this time been in *Albironds* place, would doubtless, as well as he, have been damnably afraid of his Carcass; he heard, and almost fell't every bounce they gave at the

door, and then it was that he really believ'd they knew of his being there. Every blow of the hammer pierc'd quite through his head, and so shook his very heart, that he was twice or thrice upon the point, rather to let himself slip down through the hole of the privy, then to suffer those cruel torments that he imagin'd were prepar'd for him. The *Sultaness* was in no less fear than he, which made her fancy her self already half dead, and was once resolved to discover the whole truth to her husband, and to make an offer of her own life to save her friend.

The door was at last forc'd open, whereupon she first enter'd in, to hinder the *Beglerbeg* from precipitating a bloudy revenge upon her beloved Servant, when being enter'd she was as much astonish'd on the other side, not to see him there. She could not imagine what could be become of him, and therefore knew not whether she should rejoice or be sad, nevertheless she fear'd the worst, and could find nothing in her hope that could minister the least consolation to her: but her good fortune was such, that what disorder,

order or emotion soever, the *Turk* observ'd in the countenance of his wife, he never attributed it to any thing but her disease, and therefore without penetrating further into the cause of her confusion, past away with her half an hour upon the same bed where *Albirond* had begun to be happy. After which he took her along with him to go both together into the Bath, and then it was that the *Sultaness* cast her eyes round for *Isabella*, to give her some account of *Albirond*, and what was become of him; but she playd least in sight, for the Slave out of the apprehension she had conceived that *Sedi Mahomet's* fury should extend it self even to her (as it was very likely it would) was gone to hide her self in a secret place of the *Seraglio*, from whence also she came not out, till she heard the noise they made in going to the Bathe. At this noise she took a little heart, and by reason she heard no sound of anger or complaint, concluded that all was at peace, and well in the *Seraglio*. In this opinion therefore she crept by degrees into her Mistresses Apartment, where being come, not any one said one syllable

ble to her, and yet she knew not what to think to see the door of the Cabinet open, where she still concluded that *Albirond* must needs be, and out of that conceipt fell to searching up and down for him; which having done a pretty while to no effect, she then went to enquire of her compunions for the *Sultaness*. Upon enquiry she found all things as well as heart could wish, and she was only in pain for the unfortunate *Albirond*, whom she could not imagine what should be become of, which made her again rumble up and down the Cabinet; to see if she could not find him hid in some corner of the room. To this purpose she lifted up the Arras quite round the Cabinet, and in so doing past twice or thrice by the door of the house of office, but not seeing the Key in it, she concluded he could not be there. Nevertheless, a little recollecting her self, and remembring that she had left it in the door that morning, she had I know not what kind of Jealousy, that *Albirond* was infallibly hidden in that place. There was now no body left in the Appartment, all the other Slaves being by this time gone down

down after the *Sultaneſs*, and ſhe had made the doors ſo ſure that no body could get in but by her admiſſion; ſo that ſhe rapt at the cloſet door with great aſſurance, calling *Albirond* aloud by his name, who preſently made anſwer demanding of her if the coaſt was clear, and if he might come out in ſafety, to which ſhe having made anſwer that he might, that ſhe was all alone, and there was no cauſe of fear, ſhe ſo far aſſured him that he a little recovered his loſt Spirits at the good news, and ventur'd to come out. *Iſabella* could not at his firſt appearance forbear laughing, to ſee him look ſo dejected, and ſo pale, and in that merry pin askt him, how he had paſt away his time in that houſe of eaſe; Why, much worſe (replied *Albirond*) than any one can imagine, and than any one unleſs they had been in my place, can believe. But what did you think (added the Slave) would have become of you, and what did you reſolve to have done, had you been diſcover'd? I had not my wits ſo much about me (replied *Albirond*) to conſider what I had to do, and all that I can tell you is, * that never

* *A very ingennous confeſſion.*

any

any one did their buſineſs better than I have done in this houſe of office; and will further confeſs to you that my fear had very like to have made me ſcummer my ſelf to death. Love (continued he) is apt to commit many follies, but I think it was more than an ordinary folly to purchaſe two or three hours ſatisfaction at ſuch a price; for it would not only have coſt me my life, but moreover that of the *Sultaneſs*, which is a thouſand times dearer to me than my own. Theſe reflections (ſaid *Iſabella*) alwaies come too late, and when there is no need of them. if Love had not its dangers, the pleaſure would not have been half ſo great. I have known as wiſe people as your ſelf, who have run as great a hazard as this of yours, and have not come off half ſo well as you have done. Alaſs! and here a deep ſigh made a Period to the beautiful Slaves oration, and that ſigh was alſo accompanied with ſome * tears, which with her handkerchief ſhe endeavour'd to conceal. I very well perceive ſaid *Albiroud* (who was ſoon aware of the ſhower) what this means, and I have before now diſcovered in your

* *A perfect Woman, that laugh, and cry in a moment.*

your countenance, that you are not a person to be enslav'd, had not some extraordinary misadventure contributed to the mishap; which also you ought not to conceal from me, for you see that I am upon very good terms with the *Beglerbeg*, and that I have some interest with the *Sultaness*, with which advantages I fancy at least, I may be able to do you some Service. Deny me not then an account of your fortunes, I am your friend, and you ought not to distrust me, who repose so absolute a confidence in your friendship and vertue; prepare your self therefore to give me this satisfaction, that I may contrive some way to serve you, and if you think fit, let it be with the first opportunity; for at present I conceive it very necessary for me to retire; and having done enough at this bout to escape the fright I have been in, and therefore let me take my leave of the *Sultaness* and depart. The Slave then told him that her Mistriss was with *Sidi Mahomet* in the Bath, where she usually continued with him two or three hours, and that unless he intended to spoil all, and to loose himself, he was not to think of retiring

by

by the same way that he came, by reason that the *Beg*'s attendants were many of them in the Garden, and therefore he must of necessity stay till he was gone. *Albirond* therefore remain'd still in the Cabinet, but with much less apprehension, then before, when the Slave had assur'd him, that it was *Sidi Mahomet*'s custom, so soon as ever he came out of the Bath to return immediately to the City. The oportunity then being so favourable wherein to satisfie his curiosity in the History of the fair *Isabella*, he would by no means loose it, but looking very intentively upon her, the more I look upon you (said he) the more I discover in you the Qualities of an extraordinary person; I shall not however desire to penetrate very far into your secrets, forasmuch as that may perhaps be troublesome if not offensive to you, I shall therefore only desire to know so much of your life, as you have your self a mind to tell me; but withal I cannot but declare that I have an extream desire to oblige you, and do assure you that you shall in me find the fidelity of a man whose profession as well as ambition it has ever been

been to serve the beautiful sex, and to be useful to the Commonwealth of Ladies. I see very well (replied the fair Slave) that my tears have discovered to you, one part of my misfortune, and I find my heart enclin'd to lay open its deepest wounds to your view, my eyes have already told you too much for me to gainsay, and the esteem I have of your person has so great an Empire over me, that though I were certain to perish by my own confession, I could not nevertheless conceal any thing from you; perhaps you had already heard the whole story of my unfortunate life, had I had opportunity wherein to have made you the Relation, and seeing you have the Complaisance to give ear to the complaints of a poor afflicted person, I will not loose this of satisfying your curiosity in the particulars of a disasterous fortune, wherein I will also disguise nothing of the truth: and if in the conduct of my life you shall peradventure find any thing fit to condemn, yet the francknes and candor wherewith I intend to lay all things open to you, will perhaps oblige you to pardon the follies of a heart subjected to Love.

The

The History of Donna Isabella *de* Penarocca, *and* Don Pedro *de la* Mera.

I Was born in the City of *Valence* in *Spain*, descended from one of the noblest Families of the Kingdom called *Penarocca*, and from Ancestors whose bloud upon several brave occasions hath given testimony of their valor, and whose vertues and merit have rais'd them to the principal Charges, and chiefest Commands in *Spain*. My birth was happy enough, Nature having brought me into the world in such a condition, and having been (if I may say so) too liberal both to my person, and my mind for me reasonably to complain; and I was brought up under the care of a Mother who was so passionately fond of me, that in leaving the World, she had no other regret but only to part with me. Heaven (which it appears had no intention to favor me long) began in her death to persecute me. I was at the time when she died too young to lament her death

death to such a degree as became the funeral of so excellent a Mother, and to be enough sensible of the great loss I sustein'd; but time has since obtein'd that from my better understanding which my innocence knew not how justly to pay to her obsequies: I was left (together with one only brother) to consolate a Father, whom the sole consideration and fear of making us unhappy, prevented in the resolution he had taken to die, that he might not survive so sensible a separation. The passion he had for his Wife was very manifest in the affection he ever bare to us; for he would never marry again, though he was of such a vigorous age, as might justly excuse it, but made it his whole concern to bring us up after such manner as became children of our Quality. Our Family was very rich, and out of regard to the portion, I had good reason to expect, there were a great many Matches ready for me in *Valence*, even before I was of an age to be married. My Father, who was in no great hast to marry me away, and whose only joy almost it was to see me with him, would not so soon part with me;

but ſuffered me at liberty to enjoy thoſe firſt years of Youth, which certainly are the ſweeteſt and moſt pleaſant of ones whole life. I had at that time an Aunt who liv'd in a very fair Country-houſe, two leagues only from the Town. She was a Widow, and had no Children, and the Eſtate my Father expected ſhe ſhould leave him at her deceaſe, beſides the affection of a Brother, oblig'd him to an extraordinary complacency towards her. In this dear Aunt of mine I found almoſt the Love and Fondneſs I had loſt in a paſſionately affectionate Mother; ſhe would have me continually with her, ſo that whatever my Father could pretend in the neceſſity of his affairs that requir'd my preſence in his own houſe, he was nevertheleſs conſtrain'd to let me bear her company above the one half of the year. This place alſo where I had more liberty than in the City, pleas'd me much more than the other, and what with the pleaſure of the Chace, and often going abroad, we there paſt away our time in a more delightful leaſure. We had there for the moſt part very good company, but that which moſt

delight-

delighted me was the pleasure I took in entertaining my self sometimes alone in a little wood, that was not above two hundred paces distant from the house. There it was that I us'd to meditate under some over-grown Trees, the shades whereof were very proper to nourish a little melancholick humor, to which I have all my life been a little enclin'd.

One day that I adventur'd to walk a little further in this wood than I was wont at other times to do, without other Company than a young Maid only that attended on me, I was suddainly surpriz'd with a noise of Horses, that me-thought made directly towards me, and that by the carreer of their speed, I judg'd would presently be upon me. I had curiosity enough to stay their coming, but withal a certain trouble that seiz'd me to see my self thus alone, made me resolve to return without seeing who they were. Nevertheless, I was diverted from this resolution also by my Brothers voice, which I knew very well at distance, though I could not understand what he said, and that gave me some assurance, He was in

company with *Don Pedro* de la *Mera*, and the *Marquiſs* de *Pignaſtella*, both of them Gentlemen of the beſt quality of *Valence*, who galloping full-drive towards me, cryed out to me as loud as ever they could, to look too my ſelf; but I knew not of what I was to take heed, for I ſaw nothing, and the very fear I was in made me incapable of any reſolution. *Don Pedro* was the firſt that came up, and very opportunely, to deliver me from the fury of a wild Boar they had hunted from break of day in the morning, and that had it not been for *Don Pedro* came to fall upon me, as if his only revenge had aim'd at me alone. This generous *Cavalier* ſeeing me in this manifeſt danger immediately leap'd from his Horſe, clap'd hand to his poignard, and with a brave reſolution expected the encounter of the furious Animal. He accordingly at his firſt approach attacqu'd and wounded him; but the force of this Boar was ſo great, that being after the wound more enrag'd than before, he put us all into extream fear of *Don Pedro*'s life. He had buried his poignard all but the Guards in the throat of this furious Beaſt,

Beast, which he did not think fit to draw out again, seeing him yet in so great a rage; he had also with his other hand seiz'd his neck; but for all that he was not Master of him, and he reasonably doubted to come off with the worse in the end, which made him call out to my Brother and the *Marquis* to shoot. My Brother who lov'd him infinitely well, and who was afraid of making an unlucky shot, in killing the one instead of the other, durst not adventure to fire his pistol upon the Beast, but bid the *Marquis* do it, who accordingly did, though not so well nevertheless, but that in laying the Boar dead upon the place, he also cruelly wounded *Don Pedro*.

I beheld all this strange adventure with a trembling that I could not shake off, nor perswade to leave me even after the Boar was dead. My Brother and the *Marquis* both of them ran in to their friend to congratulate with him for his deliverance, the joy whereof they could not however rightly relish in the grief they had to see him yet remain so unfortunately hurt. 'Tis true, the wound of it self was not very dan-

gerous, but it might have proved so, had not the blood been suddenly staunch'd, which issued out in very great abundance; the sight of this it was that made me give my handkerchief, my veil, and whatever I had about me, that was proper for ligature, to do him service upon this occasion. In the mean time my Aunt, who had heard something of this accident by the Maid that waited on me, and who had run home again upon the first alarm, came with five or six of her servants, who took up *Don Pedro*, and carried him to her house, where all the care was taken of him, that a man of his quality could expect, and the service he had done for me did justly deserve.

I was not much acquainted with this *Cavalier*, for I had never seen him but once before with my brother, but the good Office he had so lately done me, appear'd to me so highly considerable, and the blood he had spilt only to preserve mine, had touch'd my heart with so sensible a pity, that I conceiv'd the care of his cure principally belonged to me, and was as sensible of his mischance, if not more than he was himself

ſelf. He was handſome, had a great deal of wit, and withal had ſo particular a grace in every thing he ſaid or did, that the leaſt action of his was ſufficient to make one love him. I was then very young being not full ſixteen, and the little converſation I had had with Lovers made me ſo ignorant in thoſe affairs, that I ſcarce knew what Love was. The *Marquiſs* had been the firſt who had ever ſpoke to me of any ſuch thing, he indeed had pretended to me, who alſo being of a very illuſtrious Family, my Father had not thought fit to forbid him. He therefore had ſpoke to me three or four times to that purpoſe, which I had ever entertain'd and look'd upon as the diſcourſes of a Man of wit, who ſpoke very well; and conſequently without taking any further notice of the liberty he took in declaring his paſſion, had only laught at that, whereat, had I underſtood my ſelf, I ought to have been offended, and gave him leave to ſay whatever he would upon that ſubject. His affairs however were nothing the more advanc'd by thoſe opportunities I gave him to court me, and whether it were

that he wanted a friend in my heart to ſpeak for him, or that he had not the art to gain it in his favor, his Courtſhip made no manner of impreſſion; but on the contrary I conceiv'd ſuch a (I know not what) kind of animoſity againſt him, from the time that he had hurt *Don Pedro*, though he had done it out of a friendly deſign, that after that I ſcarce ever ſaw him, but with a diſlike, even to horror. I knew well enough that he had wounded him with an intention to do him ſervice, and that I had no reaſon to think the more of him upon that account, yet could I not conquer my averſion to him; I could have wiſht he had been more *adroit* and that he had done what was impoſſible for him to do. To conclude, and to tell you the truth, this wound was ſo freſh and bleeding in my heart, that I could not ſo ſoon forgive him, what reaſon ſoever in my own ſenſe he might have on his ſide to plead in his behalf.

This injuſtice of mine towards the *Marquiſs* had perhaps no other foundation, than the too tender ſentiments I had entertain'd in favor of *Don Pedro*, whom

whom I was eternally commending for his generosity and courage, was continually and openly declaring that I stood oblig'd to him for my life, and was evermore keeping a great clutter and taking visibly upon me the care to see him well look'd unto, and carefully serv'd. My Aunt and my Brother attributed this diligence and passion of mine to no other cause, but only to the gratitude and acknowledgment the signal service he had done me oblig'd me to, but the *Marquiss*, (whom Love had made much clearer sighted, and who interpreted the care I took of *Don Pedro* like a jealous Lover,) penetrated deeper into the truth of what began to spring in my bosome, and consequently from that time forward began to conceive a Mortal and implacable hatred against his friend. His jealousy soon discover'd it self, and he was not long before he gave me infallible testimonies of it, of which the first occasion he took was, when one day he heard me enquire of *Don Pedro's Valet* de *Chambre* how his Master did. You concern your self so very much (said he) for this sick man, that I think if he quickly

quickly recover he will ſtand oblig'd to you for the beſt part of his cure. I could be glad (replied I) that he ſhould be oblig'd to me for it all, and yet I ſhould think I had not made a ſufficient return for the Life I owe to his Valour. Could every one (ſaid he) who would willingly expoſe themſelves for you, aſſure themſelves of ſuch an acknowledgment, they would be too happy. I know not (anſwered I) who thoſe are that would run the ſame hazard; but I have ſeen *Don Pedro* do it, and that is enough. At theſe laſt words I would have gone away to diſingage my ſelf from further parly with him, but he follow'd me continuing to ſay after this manner to me; 'tis in truth (*Madam*) a very inconſiderable ſervice once only to expoſe a mans life for you; there are who every day dy before your eyes, without the leaſt reward of compaſſion from you, and without your being in the leaſt concern'd for them. To this I would return no anſwer, either becauſe I did not on the ſuddain underſtand his meaning, or rather (if you will have it ſo) becauſe I had no mind to underſtand him, that I might

put

put an end to a discourse that was by no meanes pleasing to me; where my Brother came in very opportunely to my relief, and delivered me from my importunate Gallant, by taking him along to go see the fishing, for those great fishes they call Gurnards.

This fishing was to be performed close by the Sea shore, not above a quarter of a League distant from the house, so that my Aunt had also the curiosity to go see it, whom I found ready to take Coach, and who would also take me along with her, to be of the party. I doubt not *Albirond* but you have heard of this fishing, the season whereof is every year in *August* and *September*, and make no question but you very well know the greatness and the strength of this sort of fish. 'Tis a sport of great entertainment, and very well worth the seeing; but our *Cavalier* having told her that he had seen it, and that it was also in use in his Country, *Isabella* past over the description. The Fishermen (continued she) were ready, and only stayed our coming to give us the diversion; when seeing us come they began to fall to their

their buſineſs to put themſelves in order, and to handle their Tridents, a ſort of weapon they make uſe of againſt theſe Fiſh. Our *Cavaliers* would alſo have a hand in the buſineſs, and would have their ſhare of the labour, as well as of the ſport, and to that end mixt themſelves with the Fiſhermen, where they ſignaliz'd their force and dexterity againſt theſe overgrown Fiſhes. Of theſe there was a prodigious number, and of a moſt prodigious greatneſs, the leaſt of them being as big as a man, and the manner wherewith they diſingaged themſelves from the hands of the Fiſhers, and the reſiſtance they made with their tails, had ſomething of aſtoniſhing in it. My Aunt and I were in a little boat by our ſelves, without the nets, to behold the pleaſure of the combat; but our pleaſure was of very ſhort continuance and paid with a very great hazard we run of being both drown'd. The nets were, it ſhould ſeem, old, and had been long uſed; and the number of the Fiſhes were ſo great, that having met with a part of the net that was more rotten than the reſt, or perhaps already broken, twenty or thirty

thirty of them ruſht through together with ſo great ſwiftneſs and fury, that meeting our boat in the way they preſently overturn'd it, plunging my Aunt and me into three or four Fadom depth of Water. The *Marquiſs* was the neareſt to us, and firſt aware of our diſaſter. There was no time to looſe; he could ſwim very well, and therefore threw himſelf into the water with ſo ſeaſonable a promptneſs to my relief, that he arriv'd at me juſt as I roſe again from the bottom, from whence my cloaths had bore me up, where ſupporting me with one hand, and ſwimming with the other, he preſently brought me aſhoar, which alſo was not far from us. Two Fiſhermen that were nimbler, or quicker at leaſt than my brother, did the ſame ſervice for my Aunt, who ſuffered a little more by the accident than I had done, I having been ſooner reliev'd, and yet the fright which had wholly poſſeſt my Spirits, had reduc'd me to ſuch a condition, that I lay for dead. They then help'd us to diſgorge the water we had drunk in, by which we were ſomething reliev'd; but the weakneſs wherein I found my ſelf

was,

was such, that I yet shew'd very small sign of life. The Grief the *Marquiss* was in to see me in this condition is not to be expresst, but it was very visible in his face, and the tears which he could not refrain were a speaking proof of the passion he had for me.

So soon as I came a little to my self, I enquir'd news of my Aunt, and was not a little surpriz'd to find my self in the *Marquiss* his arms, and yet more to see his face all cover'd over with tears. I must confess, that in this posture, he was an object to have touch'd the most obdurate person in the world with compassion, and this tenderness of his spoke so highly in his favor, that it had been to have had no heart not to have been a little sensible for him. He at least merited my esteem; but to what use serves merit, when a man is destin'd to be unhappy; for although every thing pleaded in his behalf, my heart return'd no answer, and was wholly possest with the Love of another, so that my understanding only paid him the acknowledgment due to his passion; and *Don Pedro* was Master of all the rest.

In

In the mean time they put us into the Coach, in the pickle we were taken out of the Sea, and presently brought us home, where we found all things necessary to relieve us, and to bring us again to our selves. In this case fear was our greatest evil, for we had receiv'd no harm from the Fish; and my Aunt who was of a less delicate nature than I, in three or four dayes left her bed, and I thought the time exceeding long, and my weakness was furiously afflicting to me, in that it would not permit me to continue my little services to *Don Pedro*, who now began to quit his Bed, and to walk up and down his Chamber. He saild not immediately upon the disaster had befaln me, to send his *Valet* de *Chambre* to complement me upon the occasion, by whom I return'd this answer, go tell thy Master (said I) that the greatest inconvenience I find in my sickness, is, that it deprives me of the pleasure I had in contributing something to his cure.

Although *Don Pedro* had never seen me but that one time I spoke of before, when my Brother brought him into the House,

Houſe, he had however at that very moment been touch'd with the moſt tender ſentiments it was poſſible to have for any perſon with whom one is the moſt paſſionately in love. He had found out in me I know not what kind of charms that engage people to love at firſt ſight, without any great reaſon why, and his paſſion was daily augmented by the difficulties he found of obtaining means and opportunity to declare his affection to me. Neither could he think of any way ſo likely, and ſo fair by which to obtein his deſire, as by contracting a ſtrict friendſhip with my Brother, which alſo without any great difficulty he brought to paſs. He likewiſe fancied he had given no ill beginning to his deſign in the ſervice he had done me in expoſing his life againſt the furious Boar; but when he heard of the *Marquis's* good fortune, and the new obligation I had to him for a ſecond life alſo, his jealouſy ſaild but very little of throwing him into ſuch a deſpair, as with his own hands to tear open his wound, and wilfully to deſtroy himſelf. He knew very well what a paſſion the *Marquiſs* had

for

for me, that my Father approv'd of it, and made no queſtion but that this laſt adventure would totally gain me to him; the thought whereof afflicted him in ſuch ſort, that whatever obliging meſſages I had ſent him by his ſervant, he perverted them wholly to his own diſadvantage; and poyſon'd himſelf with that which ought in reaſon to have been his cure. He repeated from time to time the words had been brought him from me, and from thence form'd a fatal ſentence againſt himſelf. Go (ſaid the poor afflicted *Cavalier*) and tell thy Maſter, that the greateſt inconvenience I find in my own indiſpoſition, is, that this accident deprives me of the pleaſure I took in contributing ſomething to his cure. Is not this (continued he) to give me plainly enough to underſtand, that my Rivals laſt ſervice has obliterated all the obligation ſhe could have to that ſhe received from me, and that ſhe cannot without injuſtice do any thing in my favor? Yes, I confeſs it (charming *Iſabella*) he has perform'd more for you, than I could do, he has reſcued you from the mercileſs waves wherein you were a-

bout to periſh, and in ſo doing expos'd his own life to manifeſt ruine: Yet (ſaid he again preſently after) did not I alſo reſcue you from as great a danger of death, and did not I alſo venture my life more adventurouſly than he, and does that merit nothing? Have I only eſcaped the Tuſhes of that enraged Beaſt, to dye by you? Ah how much more happy had my fate been, in putting an end to my dayes to prolong yours, than thus to wear it away in this miſerable manner, without any hope ever to approach the delight of my eyes, and my only bliſs!

After this manner it was that *Don Pedro* afflicted himſelf in the beſt eſtate of his moſt proſperous fortune; and to this degree of unhappineſs was he reduc'd, by being ignorant of his happineſs, whilſt the *Marquiſs* paſt away his time much better than he; his Love flattered his hope, and after ſo great a ſervice as he had lately done me, in redeeming me from the Sea, he made no queſtion but that a generous heart, as mine was, muſt of neceſſity ſurrender it ſelf up to his paſſion. But what ſhare could I give him in my heart, if the

the destinies had already so favour'd *Don Pedro*, that it was no more my own? would he have had me; or could he in reason expect, that seeing there was some tenderness due to an action that had deliver'd me from death, I should be less grateful to his Rival than to him, who had perform'd the same service for me, and that with an equal, if not a greater hazard of his own life? perhaps he imagined that there was only an acknowledgment due to the other, but alas! there is little room for a bare acknowledgment in love; and we little insist upon such poor returns, when we are once possest with such sentiments as those in the behalf of any person, our hearts then going altogether one way, and there can be no rivality in hearts, though there is in pretenders.

I now began to rise from my bed, and was well enough to endure the Visits of my friends; my brother therefore came bringing the two *Cavaliers* along with him to see me, and in entring into my Chamber, I have brought here (Sister said he) two of my best friends to give you a visit, to both of which you

in a very little space become indebted for your life, for the one has rescued you from the fury of a Boar, and the other preserved you from the deep; so that after what manner soever you shall consider these two generous actions, I doubt it will puzzle you to determine to which of the two you think your self the most oblig'd, and which way to recompence their services without rendring the one jealous of the other, and dissatisfied with you. I was surpriz'd to see them both come in together, which made me blush, and put me into some disorder, of which the Rival *Cavaliers*, who immediately took notice of it, made a various interpretation. *Don Pedro* concluding it to proceed from the trouble of seeing him there, and that serv'd to confirm him in his former opinion: but the *Marquiss* more happy in his *Ideas* than he, took it quite after another *Biais*, and turn'd it to his own advantage. In the mean time my heart was possest with thoughts quite contrary to theirs; for it is true that I was a little out of countenance to see in the person of the *Marquiss* a man to whom I stood oblig'd for

my

my life, and whom I could find in my heart to recompence with no more, but only a bare esteem, whilst my heart was wholly given up to *Don Pedro*. Could my Brother have penetrated into my bosom, he might there have seen the effects of my injustice, but withal of a necessary injustice proceeding only from this, that having been too generous in favor of the first, I had no more left me but a will only to consolate the other. I was a little perplext with the question he put to me, and *Don Pedro* very seasonably prevented me, to give me time to think of an answer. I conceive (said he looking upon me) that we are both of us sufficiently rewarded in the glory of these two adventures. *Cavaliers* make a profession of serving fair Ladies, without pretending to other recompence, than that of having serv'd them. I know (said I) what esteem I ought to have both of one, and the other; I acknowledg their merits to be equal, and know very well what so considerable a service as that for which I stand oblig'd to either of them, may reasonably exact from me: but you Brother (said I) who have so

great an intereſt in my life, will your ſelf I hope acquit me of theſe obligations, for I muſt ingenuouſly confeſs I find my ſelf perplext how to do it. Every one payes their own debts Siſter (anſwered my Brother laughing) and I ſhall not engage my ſelf for you to Creditors that perhaps I ſhould not be able to ſatisfie. If either of us (ſaid the *Marquiſs* then) can pretend to any thing more than the honor of having done you ſervice, it is *Don Pedro* without doubt, who has loſt ſome of his bloud to preſerve yours, whereas it has coſt me no more but only the ſhifting of my Cloaths. If either of our actions (replied *Don Pedro* to him) be conſiderable, 'tis rather yours, wherein you expoſed your ſelf more, than I did; who only loſt my bloud becauſe I wanted dexterity to kill the Boar. Siſter (ſaid my Brother) if we will believe theſe Gentlemen, it will be no very hard matter to diſingage you from your obligation; but I would nevertheleſs hear you with your own mouth determine to which of them you think your ſelf the moſt oblig'd. I have already told you Brother (ſaid I) how hard a thing

it would be for me to do it, I ſhall therefore rely upon your better judgment, without engaging my ſelf in a determination, that would infallibly make me paſs for an ingrateful perſon in the opinion of one of theſe two *Cavaliers*. Upon this my Aunt came into the room, and we fell upon other diſcourſe; and, to tell you the truth, ſhe came in very good ſeaſon for me, who was in great fear I ſhould not very well diſingage my ſelf from a diſcourſe, wherein I ſaw I was too much preſt by my Brother. At laſt he went out, and my two Lovers with him, each of them poſſeſt with the ſame opinion that before, ſaving that *Don Pedro* felt himſelf a little reliev'd from his former trouble, and began to conceive a little hope from certain kind glaunces I had caſt upon him, and that might have made him promiſe to himſelf all he could have deſir'd, had he not been prepoſſeſt with ſuch a jealouſy as blinded his underſtanding. However he obſerv'd enough to inform him that he ought to deſpair of nothing, till he ſhould firſt ſee further into the affair, upon laying open his heart unto me; an opportu-

nity that he long'd for, and panted after with the greateſt impatience, and that he took hold of after this manner.

One night that they were all three in my Chamber, and that my Brother was ſet to Cards with the *Marquiſs, Don Pedro*, and I, one on the one ſide of the Table, and the other on the other to ſee them play, and ſometimes talking to one another of ſeveral things. I perceiv'd the trouble he had in his heart, by what I diſcovered in his face, and his eyes diſcourſt unto me quite another thing, than what came from his mouth. A certain pleaſure that I took in looking upon him, by degrees diſperſt all thoſe clouds in his countenance, and I obſerv'd that his ſadneſs clear'd up, as thoſe innocent favors he receiv'd from my eyes encreaſt upon him. He therefore took a little heart, and in truth it was high time for him to declare himſelf, for he was to go away the next morning to return to *Valence*. He could not approach ſo near me, as to whiſper in my ear a ſecret of ſo great importance as that of his Love; the Laws of civility, and fair faſhion not permitting

ſuch

such liberties in our grave and severe Country; neither could he aloud open his bosom to me, in the presence of two of the most dangerous witnesses he had to fear. He was therefore fain to make use of this device, by which you will see what shift Love can make, and how ingenuous and inventive it is in contriving how to declare and make it self known. He took some Cards that were thrown out of the Game, and held them over the Candle till they were all over black'd with the flame, which he did with so indifferent an ayr, and without discontinuing his discourse, as though he had done it without any manner of design. After which with the corner of another Card, he writ upon one of those he had smutted for the purpose, some verses, which I think I yet remember, and they were these.

Prest with an amorous extasy,
Ought I to speak or hold my breath?
If I speak not, alas, I dye;
And if I speak, my sawcy tongue
For offring to my fair that wrong,
Can nothing hope thereby but death.

After

After he had fill'd that Card, he past it over very dextrously to my side of the Table, which whilst I was reading he took another upon which he continued to write after this manner.

No, on this choice I stick too long,
Respect to her will tye my tongue;
She shall interpret, she, and she alone
Of the excess of my true flame,
And my death one day shall proclaim,
So great, and so discreet a passion.

He did by this as he had done by the other, and convey'd it to me to read, without either my Brother, or the *Marquiss*, (who were intent upon their play) taking notice of us at all; after which I receiv'd a third also, no less gallant than the other two; and of which as I remember these were the words:

The Paleness of my face, which with such (art
Such speaking lines has painted out my (flame,
Is Speech too eloquent not to proclaim
The power a fair one has over my heart:
And

And that no one can Amarillis *see,*
So fair and bright, but must her Martyr be.

I look'd upon him twice or thrice in reading these papers, with an ayr, sufficient to give him to understand in my eyes more than he could reasonably have desired of me; but he was in such fear there to meet with the sentence of his death, that he durst hardly lift up his to look upon me, but kept himself in such a posture as would have mov'd my compassion, had I had no inclination to love him. By this time I conceiv'd he had said enough to me to deserve an answer, and in that thought took one of the Cards also; after having defac'd the Characters of those he had writ upon it, and set my self to framing an answer, by so much the more obliging, by how much I had no mind to suffer him longer to languish, but to assure him of my heart. You see how easy a thing it is for Love to triumph over a young heart, that has never been acquainted with him. I here made a duty of a favor, that I ought not to have granted till after the extreamest violence of assault, and yielded him

him a confeſſion by way of advance, that ought to have been forc'd, and extracted from me with the greateſt power of importunity and prayer. I gave all the liberty to my ſighs they would themſelves deſire, under the ſhadow of a generoſity of mind, believing the effects of my tenderneſs towards him, to be the effects of a grateful heart. After this manner Love did his buſineſs ſo well, that he had already inſtructed me how to anſwer a declaration of Love; and I found no great difficulty in expreſſing my ſelf upon this ſubject, but I was not ſo *adroit* as he in conveying the Card over the Table. The *Marquiſs* who had his eye almoſt continually upon me, and who had ſeen me write ſurpriz'd me in the manner, and ſo, that he had ſnatch'd it out of my hands, had I not been very nimble to prevent him. This inſolent action of his, and the vexation I was in to have ſucceeded ſo ill in my deſign, put me to the bluſh, and were the occaſion that I ſpake a little angerly to him. This is very bold (ſaid I) to offer to ſnatch a thing from me, that you have nothing to do withal, and that was not intended for you. It is

true

true (answered he) that it was intended for *Don Pedro*, but he and I are so good friends, that I thought I might partake with him in a favor that came from you. At this *Don Pedro* who had made a shew of taking no notice at all of what had past, was ready to break into fury, rage presently mounted into his eyes, and he was just upon the point to have discharg'd his anger, but I immediately appeased him with such a look, as gave him to understand, he would oblige me in letting matters alone, and proceeding no further. I would not so much my self as return the *Marquis* any answer, for fear of pushing things on too far, which were in a better posture as they were, than if I had made him never so good a Repartie. They then continued their play, and *Don Pedro* who had exercised an extream violence over himself in restraining his passion, was constrained to make some pretence to go out of the room, that he might unload his heart of the rage wherewith it was overcharged and oppressed. It was not long before he return'd again a little better compos'd, and at his coming made me

to understand, that he should be very glad of an answer from me; but I had no mind to recommence a sport, wherein I had at the first assay said to succeed. The obliging manner wherewith I spoke to him, had been sufficient of it self to give him comfort, had not his evil been extream: but besides that one is never enough assured of what they do with the greatest passion desire, he moreover fancied the *Marquis* to be a very dangerous Rival.

His jealousy was very much augmented by a little squabble that hapned betwixt them the same night, and of which one of my gloves was the occasion. I fell, I know not upon what foregoing discourse, to speaking at the Gloves that were made at *Valence*, which I said, I thought were as good as those of *Madrid*, of which that *Don Pedro* might better judg, I pull'd off one of those I had on which were of *Valence*, and gave it to him to smell unto, who kist it two or three times after a very amorous fashion, and afterwards restored it to me again, which as I was about again to draw on, the *Marquis* who had

a mind to have the ſame honor, entreated me to let him ſee it. To tell you the truth, I was very glad of this opportunity, as well to revenge my ſelf upon him, as alſo to ſhew *Don Pedro* a favor, which made me deny him in theſe words, that I ſpoke ſomething after a diſdainful manner. It is not amiſs *Marquiſs* (ſaid I) a little to puniſh you for your boldneſs to teach you to be more diſcreet another time; but he from whom this preferrence had taken away all manner of reaſon and diſcretion, ſtept ſuddenly up to me, and without any kind of reſpect, at one rude twitch ſnatcht it out of my hand. This violence did very much ſurprize me, and I was ſo highly offended at it, that durſt I have diſcover'd my indignation before my Brother, I had doubtleſs paſt the bounds of a Virgin modeſty: but *Don Pedro* who had a particular reaſon, as you ſhall preſently hear, that this glove ſhould not fall wholly into the *Marquis*'s hands, did not in this ſudden ſurprize, neglect the care to reſcue it out of his poſſeſſion, but leaping upon him, ſeiy'd upon one half of the Glove, and would never let go his hold; but as

they

they were tugging who should get it clear from the other, growing in heat with the *Marquis*'s opposition, who held as fast as he, he told him softly in his ear, that it should cost him his life if he did not let it go: but that was no good argument to the *Marquis* to perswade him, who more than ever stung with jealousy and honor, strove with all the force he had to make himself wholly Master of the Glove; answering *Don Pedro* with great vehemency, (but likewise in his ear,) that it should cost him his life, if he longer persisted to oppose his design.

My Brother, who as yet knew nothing of *Don Pedro*'s passion, took a delight in seeing them scuffle, and thereupon fell to railling the *Marquis*; but the dispute proceeding at last too far to make any longer a jest of it, he began to apprehend that they might in the end grow into extreams; wherefore being very well acquainted with the *Marquis* his fierceness and *Don Pedro*'s spirit, without letting them grow to greater heat, stepping betwixt them, he entreated them to forbear further contest, and to deliver the Glove to him.

To

To this they both consented, having both of them too great a respect for my Brother not to acquiesce in his desire, and besides it was not the interest either of the one or the other in their pretences to me, to be upon ill terms with him. After this manner then my Glove was restor'd back to me, but in a very ill plight; they gave over their play, and the two Rivals parted, as we thought, very fair. My Brother who observ'd them to be yet both of them very much incenst, did not however make them embrace upon the instant, not thinking what had past betwixt them to be of such importance that it ought to have been any more remembred having slept upon it, especially by two persons betwixt whom he thought there was so great a friendship, as was not to be broken by so small a difference, so that they retir'd each of them to his own apartment, and left me at liberty to go to Bed. Being left to my self, the first thing I did was to put my glove into a better form, for it was betwixt my two Gallants strain'd out of all manner of shape, when putting my hand into it to that purpose, I was

a little ſurpriz'd to find a paper folded up like a letter: I open'd it, and at the bottom ſaw *Don Pedro*'s name ſubſcrib'd, and then preſently underſtood the reaſon he had to make ſuch a buſtle about the Glove to retrive it out of the *Marquis*'s hands, and then alſo perceiv'd he had taken opportunity to write it at the time he had withdrawn into his Chamber: but could not imagine with what *legerdemain* he had convey'd it into my Glove; for though my eye had never been off him whilſt he had had it in his hand, I perceiv'd nothing at all of the conveyance. I was then impatient to know the Contents, and I will communicate them to you, for I have ever carried all his Letters about me wherever I went. In ſaying which *Iſabella* took a little Casket ſhe had in the very ſame Cabinet where they were, from which drawing out ſeveral papers, and having tumbled ſome time amongſt them for the right one, ſhe in the end found out this, which opening ſhe delivered to *Albirond* to read, who there found theſe words.

Had

HAd I not (Madam) been withheld by the fear of offending you, the Marquiſs *had been puniſh'd upon the place for his inſolence, and nothing but the abſolute power you have over me, could have hindred me from taking a prompt revenge. Judge then, I beſeech you, how great that power is, and how great the Paſſion I have for you muſt be, by the violence I have practiſed upon my ſelf in this occaſion. I ſhould never have dared to have ſpoke ſo freely to you, were it not now high time to do it, I having this night only left me wherein to be reſolv'd whether I muſt live or die. The Cards you read may perhaps have enform'd you of the ſtraight I am in; but I know not what I am to hope for from the anſwer you then made me; and yet I ſhall not look upon it in the nature of an obligation I have to the* Marquiſs *that he prevented me from ſeeing the ſentence of my miſhap. For however I ſtand in your favor and eſteem, 'tis a ſhorter way, and much more welcome to die, than to live in the ſuſpence wherein I now am, how you approve of the moſt humble Proteſtations I here make you of a moſt profound reſpect, and of a*

passion that is never to end but with my life.

Don Pedro.

After *Albirond* had read this Ticket, he return'd it back to the fair Slave, who after this manner continued his ſtory.

I know not what effect this Letter might have wrought in another, but as for me I muſt confeſs that being already a little prepoſſeſt in *Don Pedro*'s favor, I found my ſelf ſtrangely moov'd with it. Me-thought there was ſo much diſcretion and reſpect in the manner of his adreſs, and ſo much paſſion in his Letter, that I conceiv'd I ought at leaſt to have a very tender eſteem for his merit only, and that I could not deny the ſentiments of a very kind friendſhip at leaſt to ſo great and ſo reſpective a paſſion. What cannot a Lover perſwade when he is acceptable to the perſon he pretends to? How eaſily does a heart encline to love, when ones reaſon is once diſordered? and with how great facility do we find out fair pretences

tences to deceive our ſelves when we once entertain a paſſion, and give our ſelves leave to love? Nevertherleſs I will not here confeſs to you all my weakneſſes, nor give you an account of all the follies I was guilty of. I ſhall content my ſelf therefore with only telling you, that this Ticket mollified all the indignation I had this night conceiv'd at the *Marquis*'s extravagancies and huffing carriage, and that I could not permit any animoſity in my Soul to co-habit with the joy and tenderneſs this little Love letter had poſſeſt me withal. So that I did not only excuſe the *Marquis*, but moreover entirely forgave him; and all this out of the ſole reaſon I had to be ſatisfied with my ſelf, after being certainly aſſured of *Don Pedro*'s affection. I paſt over the whole night, careſſing in my mind this new and dear lover. I made him ſpeak after my own fancy, and ſay a thouſand little things that the beſt could pleaſe me, which was in effect my ſelf to labour to make him abſolute Maſter of a heart in which he thought he had as yet made no impreſſion. Yet how fixt ſoever I was upon this pleaſing

object, to tell you the truth, the *Idea* of the *Marquiſs* did often confound the delight I took in it, with the apprehenſion I had of appearing an ungrateful perſon. He had perform'd ſo great a ſervice for me, and the obligation I had to him for my life oblig'd me to have ſome compaſſion on him. I had no mind to be accus'd of a vice, which of all others my heart had ever the moſt abhorr'd: and yet I knew not how to acquit my ſelf towards him as I ought. I could not of my ſelf afford him any thing more than the bare ſentiments of a real eſteem, with which I was very ſure he would never be ſatisfied, if there ſhould not be ſomething more in the caſe, and more I had not left to diſpoſe of, and in the mean time the credit he had with my Father, favour'd him on the other ſide. I knew very well that he would ever be better receiv'd than *Don Pedro*, becauſe he was heir to a better fortune than he, though he was not of a more illuſtrious Family and that his offer would ſooner be accepted than that of the other, ſhould he demand me in Marriage. All theſe reflections did not a little perplex me,

I saw how many difficulties were in the way of my inclination, and that I could never hope to be *Don Pedro*'s Wife, so long as the *Marquiss* should pretend to me. I therefore resolv'd with my self to make an attempt upon his Spirit by freely confessing to him part of the inclination I had for his Rival, and to try by the principles of generosity to reduce him to reason, to obtein from him, that he would not make use of my fathers autority and good disposition towards him to obtein the conquest of a heart, of which another had already the possession. But in truth he was too far gon in Love for me to hope for any compliance from him in so delicate a point as that, and to expect he should desist from loving me, out of love to my self. He was wounded to the Soul with the severity I had practised upon him, and the affront he had receiv'd in the presence of an insupportable and triumphant Rival, had put him quite besides himself. Madness, if fury be madness, seiz'd upon him that very night, and to such a degree, that he could not sleep one wink, and would a thousand times have plun-

ged his Steeletto into his own bosom, had not he had a design to have stab'd it into that of his Rival. It was enough he had whisper'd to him in his ear, that it should cost him his life, and he longed for nothing so much as the break of day to determine the controversy betwixt them; a resolution that made him pass over the night with some kind of pleasure, if a man can be capable of pleasure in such a condition as he was in.

My Brother, who lay in the next Chamber to him, hearing part of the noise he made in rising, and walking up and down all night, and the complaints he sometimes utter'd, knew not what to think of it, and would therefore himself go see what the matter was, and whether or no he might not perhaps be ill. The *Marquis* seeing him come into the room was extreamly troubled, that the effects of his ill humor had disturbed my Brother, and askt his pardon, telling him, that in truth, he found himself not very well, but that it would signify nothing, if he could but get a little rest. Upon which my Brother left him, giving charge to the Servants

to

to make no noiſe on that ſide of the Houſe, but that they ſhould let him ſleep all the morning. If melancholly and trouble of mind do ſometimes keep one from ſleeping; they do yet ſometimes alſo oppreſs one with ſleep, eſpecially when the mind is agitated to ſuch a degree as is inſupportable in it ſelf; which was the reaſon that this ſorrowful Lover, began to ſleep at the very time that he had determined to riſe, and my Brother who did believe him to be there really ſick, went to *Don Pedro* to acquaint him with it, and to deferr their departure till the next day. The morning was very fair, and not knowing how to paſs away the time they agreed to go Hauk at Partridg, and to come home to dinner, and ſo they accordingly did.

In the anxiety of mind wherein the *Marquiſs* at that time was, his ſleep it is to be ſuppos'd could not be very long, ſo that he awak'd very preſently after with a ſuddain ſtart, but a little too late for his deſign; for his people told him, that my Brother and *Don Pedro* were gone out a Hawking. It is not to be imagined how infinitely he

was

was troubled at this disappointment; he hated himself for yielding to sleep at such a time as this, and on the instant fell upon a hundred resolutions, which all ended at last in this, that he would take this opportunity to see, and to talk with me, whilst there was no Body in the House, to interrupt him. He would take hold of this occasion to make me declare the choice I intended to make, that he might be certain of my intentions, and be satisfied from my own mouth, if the ardor of his flame had not had the power to move me in his favor. In this resolution he walk'd a great while up and down his Chamber, to meditate after what manner he should break the business to me, and after all, what he was to hope for; wherein his mind was agitated with various thoughts, but amongst them all with very few that administred to him any consolation at all. Every thing oppress him, and he durst promise to himself nothing of good, insomuch that he even prepared himself to be angry, and meditated fit reproaches for my ingratitude.

The hour was come that he thought

I might be up, and ready; he therefore ask'd leave to see me and I saw him enter my Chamber with such a trouble in his countenance, as at once begat my pity and my fear. He was totally in disorder, and knew not which way to begin what he had meditated to say unto me; he pull'd off his gloves, and presently put them on again, and all without speaking a word, and with so pleasant a countenance, that in earnest one had need of so great an esteem as I had for him, to forbear laughing in his face. At last seeing I assisted him not in beginning the discourse, he broke out almost trembling after this manner. If (*Madam*) in the sad condition to which I am reduc'd by your disdain, I may yet be permitted to hope to be heard —— pray give me leave (said I hastily interrupting him) first to explain my self to you, before I hear what you have to say. I cannot deny you the priviledg you have of speaking to me, but take notice withal, that it would be a little dangerous to you, not to use that liberty as you ought. I know very well that you are netled to the quick; I perceive also that you think you have

reason

reason to be so, and in this belief of yours, you may not perhaps have command enough over your passion to forbear such expressions, as might injure, and justly offend me. I am a little delicate in this point, and of such a condition as cannot suffer without doing wrong to my quality, that any one should presume to quarrel me upon any subject whatever, and there is a certain distance to be observ'd to such women as I am, that people sometimes repent they have transgrest. The attention wherewith I observ'd the *Marquis* to give ear to my discourse, though he durst scarce list his eyes up towards me, was the occasion that I fram'd my self to use him a little more kindly, than I intended to have done had he carried himself after a less respective fashion to me at first; which made me proceed to speak to him after this manner. I have not been so little conversant in the World; nor am so ill read in it, not to know that you are a *Cavalier* of very great merit; neither have I a soul so ingrate as not to acknowledg that you have done me a very high and signal service, and at the same

ſame time to confeſs that I ſtand indebted to you for my life; and if I was a little more Miſtriſs of my ſelf than I am, I know after what manner I ſhould acquit my ſelf of that obligation, and what I ſhould grant to your paſſion, over and above the eſteem, that it is impoſſible for any one to deny you. But *Marquiſs*, it is no more in my own power to diſpoſe of my ſelf, and to deal ſincerely and truly with you, the great ſervice you did me came a little too late for you. The ſame reaſons I may juſtly have to favor you with my inclination, I have alſo had to favor another, who (as you have done) did alſo reſcue me from the Jaws of death: Yet do I not ſo far wrong you in my opinion as to think that *Don Pedro* has more merit, or that in particular he deſerves better from me than you do; but he has better fortune, and that which two generous actions which either of you have perform'd in my behalf, may each of them reaſonably challenge from me, his alone did firſt clearly carry, and I remain in an abſolute neceſſity of being an ingrate to you. I might have conceal'd this from you; but I will be ge-

nerous to the last degree towards a man who has done so much for me, and indeed I should condemn my self for unjust, should I not disabuse you, and not franckly confess unto you, that I have nothing left wherewith to pay the obligation I have to your merit and affection. Yet do not take this unkindly from me, but rather quarrel your own evil fortune, and content your self with the regret I have, that it is not in my power to make you a better return. If you are a man of reason, as I take you to be, you will not ask that of me which it is impossible for me to grant; but on the contrary will make a generous effort to overcome a passion, that some other woman shall better deserve, and better acknowledg than I can do. I saw *Don Pedro* interpose his person betwixt me, and the fury of a chaft and enraged Boar, and expose his own life to save mine. I saw him cover'd over with the blood of a wound given him by you, and which also pierc'd the very bottom of my heart. Lay the blame then upon that unlucky shot of yours that has so much contributed to your misfortune; and

pity

pity me in that having one life only I must owe it to two persons at once, and that hereafter I cannot live without appearing at one and the same time too generous and too ingrate. So then *Madam* (said the *Marquiss* with the countenance of a man condemn'd to die) I have nothing to pretend to. You have done too much for me (answer'd I suddainly) to obtein nothing from me, I confess it, and that I may not pass in your opinion for an ungrateful woman I do promise you——at which word *Don Pedro*, and my Brother* enter'd my Chamber; and the *Marquiss* who would not for that loose the opportunity of knowing upon the place how far his pretences might go, and what he was to hope for, well *Madam* (said he softly (after I had saluted our Hawkers) what do you promise me? Alas said I (with a profound sigh, that I could neither wholly stifle nor in part disguise) * what can I promise you in the presence of *Don Pedro*? an answer with which the poor *Marquiss* was so suddenly and so deeply strook, that he had not been able to any tollerable degree to have conceal'd the marks of his discontent,

* *By'r Lady in very good time,*

as

* *I doubt appears by this answer.*

had

had not the ſight of his Rival rows'd up his Spirits with the incitements of revenge; and yet there remain'd ſuch a diſorder in his countenance, as ſufficiently denoted there was ſomething extraordinary laboring in his mind. My Brother was not nevertheleſs any thing at all ſurpriz'd to ſee this alteration in his face, imagining it to be nothing but the effect of an ill nights reſt; which made him form his firſt complement to the enquiring after his health; but in the diſorder wherein the *Marquiſs* was, he only anſwer'd him by halves, and after that manner went out of the room. He was immediately followed by my Brother, who thinking his laſt nights diſtemper had again ſuddainly ſeiz'd him, would go offer him his ſervice, and ſee what he might ſtand in need of.

By this meanes *Don Pedro* was left with me all alone, and a fit opportunity it was, no body being by, wherein to declare his mind, neither perhaps could he in his whole life ever again expect ſo fair an occaſion; nevertheleſs as if we had been afraid to deliver to one another what we had both of us ſo great a mind to ſay, we both remain'd

main'd confounded and dumb. I confeſs I ſhould have had more confidence to have ſpoken to him, had we been at leſs liberty to do it; I dreaded that liberty, but I was more afraid of my ſelf leaſt I ſhould play the fool in being too open to him, and let him ſee further into my heart than he ought to do. On the other ſide he alſo who might be in ſuſpence after what manner I had received his Letter, did eternally apprehend; every moment to hear a ſentence pronounc'd, which he ſhould know but too ſoon, if it were other than favourable to him. Nevertheleſs during theſe ſtrang revolutions in our minds, our eyes by a mutual conſent by little and little re-aſſur'd us, and he ſaw nothing in mine that was of any dangerous portent. Yet did he not well know how to truſt to this favourable appearance, but creating courage out of the force of Love, after he had ſometime look'd upon me, I know not (*Madam* ſaid he) what your ſilence may intend after what I have adventur'd to do, that is after the Letter I preſum'd to write to you, and that doubtleſs you found in your Glove. If

that liberty I made bold to take, carry any thing in it that may displeale you, and if the greatest and the most respective passion that ever man had, deserve your indignation, for Heavens sake let it break upon me. Revenge your self upon a rash and inconsiderate person whom Love has made to forget his duty, and that too unruly an ambition has seduc'd into that offence. It is I do assure you, high time to do it; for if you leave me longer in the miserable suspence wherein I now am, you will find that my death will deprive you of the satisfaction of having your self punisht my insolence. He there made a little stop to see if I would return him any answer; but seeing no signs that I was about to do it, Ah *Madam* (continued he) since you are not pleas'd to speak to me, I see very well, that I have attempted too far, and that I am my self to revenge you of——No, no *Don Pedro* (said I interrupting him) I should not be silent if you had any way displeas'd me, which I had no sooner spoken, but that he threw himself at my feet with tears of joy, transported to such a vibsile degree, as I do assure

you

you gave me very great content. My Princess, My Queen, (said he) you have in three or four words made me the happiest person upon Earth. I would by no means suffer him to continue longer in this posture, and it was well I did not, for my Brother came in upon the instant to tell us, that dinner was upon the Table. I therefore gave my hand to *Don Pedro*, who all that day after was so well satisfied with himself, that one might see joy sparkle in his eyes; but the *Marquis* was of a quite contrary humor, and all the time he sate at dinner behav'd himself like one that was really sick. He eat very little, and was so infinitely abated with his passion, that one might see in his face a notable alteration. My Brother did not well know what to think of it, for he observ'd in him a greater melancholy than could naturally accompany an ordinary distemper, and therefore tryed in my eyes to learn if I did not know the true cause of his disease. I, for my part, was more civil to him, than I us'd to be at other times, and I should have yet been more, and have given him more testimonies of favor and friendship had I

not fear'd thereby to have discompos'd *Don Pedro*, so tender we are of offending those we love.

My Brother then made a motion to them to go visit a Lady of his acquaintance hard by, whom he had promis'd to see before he return'd to *Valence*, which *Don Pedro* readily consented to, but the *Marquis* would by no means hearken to it, excusing himself by reason of his indisposition, and also that he must that very day of necessity return to the City, though the truth of it was, he had no mind longer to continue in the company of a man that he hated to death. My Brother notwithstanding (who would not put off his visit) concluded with *Don Pedro*, and therefore gave order for all the Horses to be sadled, for the *Marquis* would also take horse to go away at the same time, and with *Don Pedro* went out of the room to make himself ready as he pretended, but whilst my Brother staid a little behind to enquire of me if I knew nothing of the cause of this *Cavaliers* ill humor, one came running into the room to tell him, that he had mounted with *Don Pedro* upon two of the first horses came to

hand

hand in the ſtable, and that they were both gallopt together full ſpeed towards the wood. I then inſtantly told my Brother, that they were certainly gone to fight, conjuring him to make all the haſte he could after, to go and part them. My Brother could hardly be induc'd to believe it, not being able to imagine that for the little quarrel they had had overnight, they would offer to proceed ſo far, eſpecially in a place which they ought to reſpect in regard to him. However he immediately went, and in all diligence, but came a little too late for the *Marquiſs*, whom *Don Pedro* after having run him through the ſhoulder had already diſarm'd. My Brother at his arrival upon the place highly complain'd of their proceeding, telling them with ſome heat, that they had his friendſhip in very little conſideration, to offer to fight a Duel in a place where he had ſo great an intereſt, eſpecially upon a quarrel that in all mens judgments muſt needs paſs for a trifle; for he never dream'd of any other difference betwixt them, but the little diſpute they had had overnight about the Glove. *Don Pedro* (to excuſe himſelf)

proteſted he knew nothing of the quarrel they had fought about, and that the *Marquiſs* had in a manner compell'd him to it, without having given any reaſon why; but the *Marquiſs* declar'd himſelf much more to my Brother, and ſo ſoon as they were together alone, that he could ſpeak in private with him, acquainted him with the reaſons that had induc'd him to this extream; relating to him word for word, all that I had ſaid to him of the advantageous ſentiments I had for his Rival. My Brother was for all this by no means ſatisfied with him; but he was yet much more ſurpriz'd at my behaviour, and the liberty wherewith I had declar'd my ſelf in a choice, which ought not altogether to depend upon my own liking, eſpecially when in favor of a man to whom he ſaw no likelihood that I ſhould ever be united. He ſaw a great deal of untoward work throughout the whole adventure: but he thought it neceſſary in the firſt place above all things to reconcile the two *Cavaliers*; for he much better than I foreſaw the conſequence of ſuch an affair, and therefore would by all means take up the quarrel,

quarrel, that the noise of it, which could not any way be to my advantage, might pass no further. I confess, I for my own part did not consider it with the discretion that I ought to have done, and the fear I had been in of the event of the Combat, was wholly converted into an excess of joy, when I saw *Don Pedro* return victorious and unhurt. Love depriv'd me of all the resentment that I ought to have had against him, for having upon so light an occasion expos'd both his own life & mine, and it was not till having a little better consider'd of the business, that I began to find out how much my own had been concern'd in his danger, and then I conceiv'd, that I ought for honor's sake at least, force my self to express a little anger against *Don Pedro*. Nay, I was in hopes by that means to engage him to love me better, and that a little severity upon this occasion would make him more considerate another time in affairs where I was so much concern'd. My Brother was so ill satisfied with me, that of all that day he would never once come near me, and moreover wholly turn'd my Aunt against me, by repeating to her what the

Marquiſs had told him. It was no hard matter for me to perceive all this, by the cold carriage and angry countenance ſhe put on, and conſequently I doubted not but that the *Marquiſs* had ſaid my errand; but it was no longer time for me to diſemble my inclination and Love had too ſtrongly fortified my mind to diſavow a thing I was reſolute to perſiſt in to the laſt hour of my life. I fear'd nothing, and methought was ſtrong enough, if my beloved Conqueror was true to me, bravely to encounter all the Tempeſts that I ſaw were gathering together againſt me. With the thoughts of him I ſo fortified my ſelf as to be able to conquer all difficulties, and the ſeverity of a Father was not of ſo terrible conſequence but my paſſion I thought would be able to overcome it. But all this while *Don Pedro* ſaw me not, for my Brother after having reconcil'd the two Rivals, had conjur'd them both to deſiſt from any further purſuit, if they were not reſolv'd totally to break with him; adding withal, that he had already reaſon ſufficient to be diſſatisfied with their proceeding, and that to proſecute it further,

further, would be in either of them openly to declare themselves an enemy to him. To this the two *Cavaliers* returned no answer, perhaps as well to avoid the making him a promise, that neither of them had any intention to keep, as also because they durst not deny him a thing, which they conceiv'd was not handsomly to be denyed to the Brother of their Mistriss, and a man who was their own intimate friend. My Brother nevertheless took this silence of theirs for consent, and thereupon rested himself assur'd of their future discretion in that particular. In the mean time I had order not to stir out of my apartment till they were gone, so that although they yet staid three dayes longer in the house by reason of the *Marquiss*'s wound; I remained all the while a prisoner to my Chamber, without being seen by any of them. But the Pen is a great relief in these occasions, tis that we make to speak when the use of the Tongue is denied us, and we sometimes express our selves more willingly, and with much more freedom by writing, than perhaps we could do by word of mouth. The first Letter that I writ to *Don Pedro* was this.

Donna

Donna Isabella's Ticket to *Don Pedro.*

I Know not whether or no I can be so angry with you as I ought to be, but this I know, that I have sufficient reason to be so. You have not had the Consideration for me you should have had in the Duel you have fought, which cannot but redound very much to my prejudice, wherein although my particular interest had not the power to oblige you to a greater moderation, you ought however to have taken notice, that in that action you put your self into great hazard of loosing what you have given to me, and that consequently is no more at your own disposes, and to have consider'd withal, that any disaster that had befaln you, would have cost me my life, whereby the Marquis *would have had the benefit of depriving you of what he is never likely to obtein for himself. Provide your self therefore of some excuses to appease me; for I have no mind to be angry with you long, and desire to see you appear before the Tribunal of my heart as innocent, as my reason assures me you are guilty. Farewell.*

I easily enough found means to convey this paper to his hands by one of his own Servants, who two hours after brought me another from him. This is it (says she) in saying which she delivered a paper to *Albirond* wherein was writ as follows.

To the adorable *Donna Isabella*, *Don Pedro*.

HAD not your Brothers severity deprived me of the liberty of kissing your hands, I had ere this (excellent fair one) given you testimonies of my submission, and had cast my self at your feet there to dye; or to obtein pardon for an offence that I was compell'd to commit. Heaven is my witness, that had it been possible for me to have avoided it, I had never given you any reason to complain of me; but my reputation, my glory, and my repose all of them commanded me to do what I did, and I had been for ever unworthy your esteem had I been a man to have refused a thing supported by so many and so powerful Arguments. The Marquis *gave me no leisure well to consider of what I did, but prest me after such a manner, that had*

there

Donna Iſabella's Ticket to *Don Pedro.*

I Know not whether or no I can be ſo angry with you as I ought to be, but this I know, that I have ſufficient reaſon to be ſo. You have not had the Conſideration for me you ſhould have had in the Duel you have fought, which cannot but redound very much to my prejudice, wherein although my particular intereſt had not the power to oblige you to a greater moderation, you ought however to have taken notice, that in that action you put your ſelf into great hazard of looſing what you have given to me, and that conſequently is no more at your own diſpoſe; and to have conſider'd withal, that any diſaſter that had befaln you, would have coſt me my life, whereby the Marquiſs *would have had the benefit of depriving you of what he is never likely to obtein for himſelf. Provide your ſelf therefore of ſome excuſes to appeaſe me; for I have no mind to be angry with you long, and deſire to ſee you appear before the Tribunal of my heart as innocent, as my reaſon aſſures me you are guilty. Farewell.*

I easily enough found means to convey this paper to his hands by one of his own Servants, who two hours after brought me another from him. This is it (says she) in saying which she delivered a paper to *Albirond* wherein was writ as follows.

To the adorable *Donna Isabella*, *Don Pedro*.

HAD not your Brothers severity deprived me of the liberty of kissing your hands, I had ere this (excellent fair one) given you testimonies of my submission, and had cast my self at your feet there to dye; or to obtein pardon for an offence that I was compell'd to commit. Heaven is my witness, that had it been possible for me to have avoided it, I had never given you any reason to complain of me; but my reputation, my glory, and my repose all of them commanded me to do what I did, and I had been for ever unworthy your esteem had I been a man to have refused a thing supported by so many and so powerful Arguments. The Marquis *gave me no leisure well to consider of what I did, but prest me after such a manner, that had*

there

there been nothing of honor in the caſe, I had neither time to think of it, nor liberty to refuſe it. After which declaration, I leave it to you (adorable Iſabella*) to judg of my conduct as you ſhall think fit; aſſuring my ſelf that you will be much leſs ſevere than your Brother, who has condemned me never to ſee you more. If it ſhall not be permitted me to appeal before thoſe fair eyes of yours, and to hope for more mercy from thence, you will ſoon hear news of my death, for it will not be poſſible for me to live without ſome relief from thoſe charming Aſſaſſins.*

I read this letter with a ſatisfaction above what I can poſſibly expreſs, or that perhaps is poſſibly to be imagin'd. I now thought I had no more reaſon to be angry with him, and in that opinion delaid not to write to him after this manner.

Donna Iſabella to *Don Pedro.*

WHat authority ſoever my Brother may have over me, he has nevertheleſs no right to priſcribe me ſo hard a condition. The beſtowing of my heart is wholly at my own choice, and he has only

the

the liberty to diſpoſe of himſelf. Nay, if my Father ſhall command me contrary to my own liking, I ſhall not obey him. I know very well what I owe to my ſelf before any other perſon whatever upon Earth. Let us therefore (Don Pedro) *only prepare our ſelves to overcome all their impediments, and we ſhall bring all things to the deſired iſſue, when we ſhall be united together, and that you will love,*

Your Iſabella.

This Ticket was as ſafe delivered as the other, and he ſent me in anſwer to it this that I will now ſhew you. Whereupon ſhe took another paper out of her Casket, which ſhe read to him after this manner.

To *Seignora Donna Iſabella, Don Pedro.*

PRovided you will be on my ſide. I fear nothing; and all I fear, (and that indeed I tremble to think of,) is, that your friends will perhaps perſecute you in deſign to turn me out of your heart. To morrow we ſhall ſeparate, and I know not when I ſhall be ſo happy as to ſee you again. This

ſole

ſole thought kills me, and if you do not comfort me with ſome hope us to that particular, I dare not undertake to you, to keep a heart alive that is only yours. Judg then, I beſeech you, by the paſſion I have for you, to what torments I am going to be abandoned in this cruel abſence, and whether it were not much more eaſy for me to dye. Oh, my beautiful Princeſs, what joys and what torments ſhall I feel at once, in the aſſurance of your eſteem, and in the privation of the light of your fair eyes. Therefore for Heavens ſake, if you have any care of my life, adviſe me what to do to undergo ſo great a miſhap, and let not ſo paſſionate a Lover end his dayes by ſo cruel a death.

Every Sillable that *DonPedro* writ to me, fill'd my heart with Love, and there was nothing to be ſaid that could content me, that I did not pick out of his Letters, and interpret to my own liking and his advantage. I was raviſht to ſee him write after ſo paſſionate a manner, and it is true that the leaſt ſyllable is of infinite conſequence from a perſon that one loves; I therefore writ him another Letter much to this purpoſe. *Donna*

Donna Iſabella to *Don Pedro.*

TIS not your death that I deſire of you; Live Don Pedro, *and live with the deſign to pleaſe me. My life is too faſt knit to yours, for you to periſh without drawing my ruine after you, and you can attempt nothing upon your ſelf, but what you muſt begin in me. No, no you are to meditate better reſolutions, and to think of making us both more happy than ſome deſire we ſhould be. If you go away to morrow, it will not be long before I follow you; for my Father will never ſuffer me after what has paſt to ſtay any longer here: but in caſe he ſhould otherwiſe reſolve and that on Munday I return not to* Valence, *come hither privately to ſee me, I will be about five of the clock in the Evening in the Wood whither I will pretend to take a walk according to my cuſtom, and you will find me about the place where the Boar was kill'd.*

Don Pedro then with the *Marquiſs*, departed for *Valence*, whither my Brother alſo bore them Company, and where all the Town was preſently full of

of this affair; for these two *Cavaliers* were too considerable there, for this Duel to be kept a secret; and the *Marquiss* who was not fully satisfied with *Don Pedro* (as Lovers never are with their Rivals, unless they make them give way) had no great mind to have it conceal'd. My Father was furiously incenst at me, and whatever my Brother could say in my behalf to appease him, would needs send for me home the same day, and accordingly dispatch'd away servants to that purpose. But my Aunt who was better acquainted with her Brothers prompt and passionate humor, than any other, not willing to suffer me to go home so soon, and just in the heat, nor alone; would kindly accompany me; and therefore acquainting my Father with her determination, demanded three or four dayes time, to settle the affairs of her Family during her absence.

In the mean time *Don Pedro* was again sollicited, both by my Fathers friends and his own, not to think any more of me, unless he intended to pull mighty and dangerous inconveniences upon himself: but to what use serves

to inter-

interdictions and perſwaſions, with a Spirit wholly poſſeſt with love, that fears no other death, nor other torments, but what his paſſion alone can make him ſuffer. The Munday I had mentioned in my letter to *Don Pedro*, was now come, and he heard no news of my return, he therefore mounted alone on horſeback, as if he went abroad to take the Ayr, and after having fetcht a great compaſs, that no one might know the way he deſign'd to take, ſlipping at laſt into the true Road, he endeavour'd by hard riding to recover the time theſe little, but neceſſary delays, had made him to looſe. This precaution of his however ſerv'd him to very little uſe, or rather none at all; it was too light to paſs in ſo new an affair; he had ſpies every where ſet upon him to watch his motions, who ſo ſoon as ever they ſaw him on horſeback immediately went, and gave notice to my Brother.

It is not to be queſtioned whether or no he did not preſently gueſs whither he went, for he did not ſo much as doubt it; wherefore taking along with him three or four of his ſervants well moun-

ted, and well arm'd, he follow'd him so close, and made so good haste, that he arriv'd at my Aunts about the time that *Don Pedro* and I met at the appointed Rendezvous. He there immediately fell to enquiring where I was, and being told that I was walkt out towards the wood, he was netled to the quick, therefore came upon the spur towards the place where we were, and coming found us set both together under the shade of certain great Trees that were proper for that purpose. I blusht to see him, and was so confounded that I had not a word to say, we had seen him come at a pretty distance but had no means to avoid him, nor to hide our selves without danger of being discover'd; which would have made it so much the worse, neither would I have done it if I could, that I might not give him to suspect there was any thing of criminal in a meeting, where there was nothing but honorable and vertuous Love. My Brother was as full of fury to find us thus together, as we of confusion, and his passion was such as hindred him from saying any thing to us in his first heat; but he expreſt himself

ſelf much better in the fire that darted from his eyes. He immediately alighted, and looking upon me with a countenance full of fury and diſdain, he took *Don Pedro* aſide, and there diſcharg'd his paſſion upon him, telling him that were it not for fear the world ſhould think that he took the unhandſome advantage of him of having three or four men in his Company, he would upon the inſtant have taught him better to have kept his word; but that he would do it at his return to *Valence*, and therefore bad him prepare himſelf. *Don Pedro* made anſwer that he had made him no promiſe at all, that his ſuit was honorable and fair, and that therefore if he ſhould be too much provok'd, it ſhould appear, that he was ready to anſwer any man that ſhould interpoſe betwixt him, and his pretence. An anſwer at which my Brother was ſo nettled, that they had certainly faln foul, had I not ſtept in betwixt them, and entreated *Don Pedro* to retire, who immediately obeyed me leaving me with my Brother who more inceſt than ever, diſcharg'd himſelf in moſt extravagant, and bitter language upon me.

And now all the whole house was bandied against me after this adventure, and my Aunt had much ado to vouchsafe me so much as a look, who thereupon made ready to go away in the morning, and my Brother would be gone the same night, though it was very late to acquaint my Father with the business. The night was very light and clear, and he did not think he had any occasion to fear, having no other quarrel upon his hands, but that with *Don Pedro*, who likewise he believed to be too brave a Gentleman to attacque him by night. In the mean time he was no sooner got into the middle of a wood, through which his way lay betwixt my Aunts house and the City, but that he saw himself suddenly beset and assaulted by four *Cavaliers*. He had by misfortune taken only one Servant back with him, having left the rest behind to attend upon us; however he did not loose his courage for this advantage, but betaking himself to his sword and pistol he upon this occasion perform'd actions, much more worthy of the days light than the nights obscurity. He made no question but that this *Ambus-*

cado

cado was laid for him by *Don Pedro*'s treachery, which made him calling upon his name, to dignifie him with the Titles of Traitor, Coward and Villain, to see if that provocation would make him discover himself amongst the Crew. On the other side his enemies, who peradventure expected a generous defence, being much better arm'd than he, prest him on all sides, and so briskly, that he saw his man, who for his fidelity and valour deserv'd a better fate, fall dead at his feet. This blow instead of astonishing enflam'd him the more, so that furious as a young Lion he flew upon the first in his way, and run his sword quite through his body, of which wound he fell down dead to the earth; yet was the fight unequal enough to make him with good reason despair of the victory, he had still three men, strong and well arm'd to fight withal, a disadvantage that would at least have startled another man, and the blood which ran from five or six wounds he had already received, could not but make him sensible, that his forces could not long hold out; and he indeed perceiv'd them every moment to grow

leſs and leſs, when a *Cavalier* arriv'd in the moſt opportune ſeaſon that could poſſible be to take his part. Ah cowardly Traitors (ſaid he in ruſhing in amongſt the Villains) is it after this baſe manner that a ſingle man is to be aſſaulted with ſuch odds? ceaſe Raſcalls, ceaſe further to attacque him, or it ſhall coſt you your lives. This ſeaſonable relief ſo unexpected by my Brother put new vigor into him, and reſtor'd the ſtrength he had before with his blood almoſt wholly loſt, ſo that he put himſelf into a poſture bravely to ſecond his generous defender. He was at that time too little himſelf to know this ſtrangers voice; but he very well obſerv'd by what he ſaw him do, that he was no ordinary perſon. They had ſoon diſpatched two of the Traitors, and the third who ſaw it now ſo dangerous a game, would ſeek that ſafety by flight, that he abſolutely deſpair'd of by keeping his ground: but our new come *Cavalier* ceas'd not to purſue him into the thickeſt part of the wood, and had certainly overtaken him, had his horſe that was wounded been able to have made good ſo long a courſe, but his

horſe

horſe failing, he was forc'd to return back to my Brother, and came to him juſt as he was ſwooning away with the faintneſs occaſioned by the bleeding of his wounds.

Never was man in ſo great a perplexity as was this *Cavalier* to ſee himſelf in a ſolitary place in the night, far from any manner of help, and alone with a friend that he moſt dearly lov'd dying in his arms: ſo that he knew not well what to do, but yet had a care of the main concern, that is, that with his ſcarf he bound up that of my Brothers wounds, which as it bled moſt threatned the moſt danger; after which having ſet him upon one of the ſtrongeſt Horſes he could chooſe amongſt all thoſe that were left upon the place, he himſelf mounted up behind him, and after that manner brought him into the City.

It is not to be imagin'd what a ſtrang aſtoniſhment my Brother was in, after he had a little recover'd his Spirits, and that the remedies the Chirurgions had applied unto him had brought him perfectly to himſelf, to find that he was in *Don Pedro*'s Houſe, and that he whom

he had ſuſpected for the Author of the Treachery, was the man to whom he ſtood oblig'd for his life. An action with which he was ſo raviſht, and that ſo abſolutely won his heart, that he could not forbear proteſting to him upon the inſtant, he was too ſenſibly touch'd with his generoſity, any more to have any deſign to oppoſe his deſires: that therefore he was only to try to conquer his Fathers averſion, and that as for him he would favor his pretences, like a true and intimate friend. *Don Pedro* you may be ſure was not wanting in his anſwer to ſo obliging a proteſtation, but replied after ſo affectionate a manner as engag'd my Brother more than ever to honor and love him. In the mean time they made it their buſineſs to find out the Author of this Aſſaſſinate, and in truth it was no hard matter to do by the three men that my Brother and *Don Pedro* had kill'd, two of which were the *Marquis*'s own ſervants and the very horſe upon which *Don Pedro* had carried my Brother, was known to be his beſt Courſer. It was known a few dayes after, that it was not my Brother the *Marquiſs* had aim'd at in

this

this Treachery, that the Assassinates had been mistaken, and that the Ambush had been laid for no other but *Don Pedro* only; but for all that, the mistake did not hinder my Father, from pressing on the affair with the greatest heat and vehemency, and so far it was prosecuted, that the *Marquis* was necessitated to leave the City and Kingdom, to go seek his safety in another.

It now seem'd that *Don Pedro*'s Love ought in reason the better to succeed, by the ill posture his Rivals affairs were in, and that my Brothers friendship after so recent an obligation, should infallibly make him happy in his desires; but my Fathers obstinacy was invincible and frustrated all our hopes. My Brother had like to have faln into his disgrace for having one day spoken to him in favor of my Love, whereat he was so offended as to forbid him upon the instant, for having any friendship or correspondency with him upon pain of his mortal displeasure, which you must know chiefly proceeded from an old grudg, and a certain animosity he had ever nourisht again *Don Pedro*'s whole Family, ever since a preference

his

his father had obtein'd at Court in a Government which mine also at the same time pretended to. After this interdiction my Brother was oblig'd to live after a less friendly manner with him, so as never to frequent, or be seen in his company unless he accidently met him. The obstacles to our happiness daily increast, and were so many, that I knew not which way to overcome them, having no more the same liberty in the Town that I had before in the Country; and *Don Pedro* who was yet more sensible of the inconvenience than I, took it so grievously to heart, that it very often put him into despair. He could not hope that my Fathers humor should ever come about to be favourable to him, being an obstinacy not to be parallell'd, or that was ever heard of; so that even his own most intimate friends, he knew, could no better have prevaild upon him. He was therefore to try his fortune, and to resign up that into her hands which it was vain to entrust with any other, and that he knew not how to work by any contrivance of his own. Yet knew he not which way to go about his business, and the

prison

prison to which I was reduc'd was so close, and so well guarded, that it was hardly possible to convey so much as a Letter to me, without falling into my Fathers hands. My own kinred and relations were not permitted to see me but by his especial leave, and with some other of his own appointment, and even this favor was granted to none, but those of my nearer Kindred. In all these difficulties what should this unfortunate young man do? He took a resolution to go visit a Kinswoman of mine, with whom he was intimately acquainted, and who sometimes came to see me, to try if by laying open to her the most secret sentiments of his heart and the violence of his passion, he could gain her over to his party. He thought that if he could once move her with a little compassion, she would not deny him her assistance, and that at least he should find some consolation in discoursing with her of me. All that he could obtein from her at this first visit was, that she would be ready to serve him; but that then he must take heed he did not put her upon any thing that was inconsistent with the honor of a Maid,

Maid, a point wherein she was exceeding tender, and that especially he must excuse her from carrying any Letters, Tickets, or any other thing whatever in writing: that she would speak to his Mistris in his behalf; but that she was very sorry to see him engage himself in an affair, wherein so many and so invincible difficulties, besides those at present, were to be foreseen. Whereupon she fell to saying a great many fine things, and that were very rational upon that subject, to divert him from further engaging himself in so dangerous affection; but it was all in vain, and all the dangers she represented to him, did not in the least stagger his resolution from prosecuting his design. He already lov'd too much to be capable of any Counsel against it; and it was impossible for him to wrastle with a passion, by which he was already overcome.

This dear Cousin of mine came the same day to see me, and needed not many preambles to make me fall upon the discourse of *Don Pedro*; for as I had a very great confidence in her, I had already committed the greatest part of my bosome to her trust. She found me

in

in an exceſſive melancholy, which a little to divert, and to put me into a better humor, ſhe acquainted me at the very firſt with the viſit ſhe had receiv'd. I embrac'd her five or ſix times for joy, and being ſhe had a very great kindneſs for me, ſoon won her over to my ſide. Thus did ſhe every day comfort me, and conſolate *Don Pedro* in carrying ſome meſſage or another betwixt us; but nevertheleſs this ſatisfaction was imperfect and poor if it proceeded no further. I never diſcover'd to her the one half of what I had a mind to tell her and I had yet diſcretion enough to conceal part of the flame by which I was devour'd. At laſt, that ſhe one day ſaw ſorrow painted in my eyes, and death in my countenance, ſhe demanded of me what I ail'd? whereupon laying my heart a little more open to her than I had formerly done, I by degrees wrought upon her to carry me a Letter to *Don Pedro*, which ſhe having engaged to do, I took Pen, Inck and Paper, and write after this manner.

Donna

Donna Isabella to *Don Pedro.*

I Have at last prevail'd with my Cousin to deliver you this Letter, a favor that she has granted in your consideration as well as mine, and that you are to manage with your best discretion; she will not refuse to bring another from you, and therefore loose not the opportunity, for above all things in this world I long to be satisfied under your own hand that you still continue constant and faithful to me. I do here franckly declare unto you, that it will be no hard matter for me to dye, but it would be utterly impossible for me to live without your love. Love me then (my dearest) and remember that the indignation of a Father incensed to the degree that mine is, is nothing so insupportable as the absence of him I love above my life. Farewell.

This beautiful young Cousin of mine was engaged too far in our confidence to recede, and her severe humor with the aversion she had for Love intrigues, grew pliant by degrees by conversing with so much flame; and although *Don Pedro* with all his wit had not had the power

power to perſwade her into that complacency, my ſufferings nevertheleſs had awak'd her pity; and indeed the condition to which I was reduc'd would have touch'd a ſoul of marble with compaſſion. She reſtor'd my dear Lover from death to life in delivering my letter to him, there was nothing of grateful and obliging he did not ſay to thank her, and he had in his tranſport of joy thrown himſelf at her feet to embrace and kiſs them (had ſhe not hindred him from doing it) for the favor. He was quite another man after he had read it, and put on another countenance, his looks before overcaſt with melancholy clear'd up, and joy ſparkled in his eyes. Which my Couſin ſeeing, and that he was ſo thankful for ſo ſmall a ſervice, ſhe could not forbear making him a voluntary offer to carry back his anſwer, which he alſo ſent me, and which I will now ſhew you; This is it.

To

To my Princess Sennora *Donna Isabella, Don Pedro.*

I Would here present you with an image of my affliction, did I not fear in so doing to augment yours: but (my dearest Princess) what you already suffer is more than sufficient, without adding to them the torments of a heart, that dies for your love. You ask me if this heart still faithfully loves you. Ah! know that it is only you that obliges me to live, and that there will be no more for it to do in this life when it ever ceases to love you. Fortune has found a way to stretch my patience to the utmost, in separating me from your sight; but if you will (provided the courage I have observ'd in you fail you not) we shall overcome Fortune. The Torments we are made to suffer are too intollerable, and we must jointly endeavour to free our selves from them; be you therefore pleased to consider of the means only, and rest assured in the courage of your faithful Lover, that he will attempt all things to procure you the liberty to make him happy.

My

My Kinſwoman brought me this letter two dayes after, which I rewarded with a thouſand careſſes and kiſſes, that I gave unto her, with which ſhe was alſo content, promiſing me the ſame ſervice, ſo oft as I would command it from her; which generoſity of hers I made very good uſe of, as alſo did *Don Pedro*, with whom for about a month I continued this private correſpondency, and anſwer'd that ſhe brought me after this manner.

Donna Iſabella to her dear *Don Pedro.*

SO long as you ſhall continue to love me at the rate you ſay you do, I ſhall have reſolution enough to endure all the torments mankind can make me to ſuffer, and there cannot be an affliction of force to pierce ſo far into my heart, as there to diſturb the joy I have to ſee my ſelf ſo well eſtabliſht in yours. Doubt not then of my courage, for you have too well perſwaded me of the greatneſs of your paſſion, not to have enough to follow you over the world. The means indeed appear unto me very full of difficulty; but love, eſpecially when

it is in despair is ingenuous enough, and makes us try all wayes, and attempt even impossibilities. Farewell, I shall think of something or other that perhaps may succeed.

I cannot but confess to you *Albirond* that my passion proceeded a little too farin making me resolve to do a thing so contrary to my Fathers command, and my own duty; but alas! the Law of Love is the strongest Tye, and takes place of all other obligations; it is born, and grows up with us, it neither learns, nor is to be taught: Nature alone reads to us her Lectures, and imprints them in us with her own hand. Where this Law commands, the powers of the earth can signify nothing, since even Heaven it self obeyes it. Methought every thing was lawful for me to do, in a captivity so strange, and so unjust; at least my disordered Reason made me to believe so, for to tell you the truth, one is not alwaies willing to produce the best arguments, and such as they ought, to do against a design with which we are pleased, and if we reproach our selves with it as a crime to be in Love; the weakest

Arguments

Arguments we can pick out for such a purpose, we are willing to think is all that can be said.

In the mean time what way soever I could contrive for the execution of our design, I found them all not only very difficult, but almost impossible to succeed; and very well foresaw that if my dear Cousin did not assist me in this extreamity; my hope would utterly forsake me, and I must infallibly be a victime to my Fathers cruelty, and my own life. I then after having laid open to her the excess of my passion, with a torrent of tears, and in the best terms I could express, propos'd the business to her; but I was not so happy as to perceive, that I did perswade her to it. She would by no means be drawn to have a hand in an affair, that she foresaw must needs be a blemish to her honor, and trouble her repose; so that all she would be induc'd to do, was through the compassion she had for my sad condition, to mix with me some of her tears, and try to comfort me. They already began to talk of an accommodation with the *Marquis*, and of redintegrating the friendship of our two Fa-

milies by a marriage betwixt him and me. To which end several friends on both sides began to treat, and every person, and every thing seem'd to be conspir'd to the ruine of our Loves. So that I saw nothing but death for my last refuge, which also I would rather be married to, than to the *Marquiss*; or than I would do that wrong to my beloved *Don Pedro*, without whom I could neither live happily, nor live at all. This dear Lover of mine heard all this news; he trembled at the good success of his Rival, and already saw himself in his imagination depriv'd of a Treasure for which he would have expos'd a thousand lives, in which despair he writ to me these words.

The unfortunate *Don Pedro* to his Princess *L.S.D.I.*

THere is of late a certain rumor spread abroad concerning you and the Marquiss *that pierces my heart, and which, if it be true, will bring me to my Grave. I dare not search into the truth of it for fear I should find it so: but I know very well, that I was only born to be miserable,*

rable, and that my Destiny did not render me worthy to burn for the fairest eyes in the world, but with design to make me see them possest by another. Alas! since it is my fate, that I must only love to perish by my flame, why may I not at least have the honor to dye at your feet (my dearest Princess) and there render up a Soul that is wholly yours. Ah what a joy would it yet be to me, that dying you might receive my last sighs, and to hear you say, Dye Don Pedro, *dye my dear, and since I cannot be thine —— for Heavens sake do you make out the rest, for in the abundance of tears that sally from my heart, I am able to write no more.*

So soon as I had read this letter I threw my self upon my bed, there to dissolve into tears, in which posture I continued all that day; and I had so much the more reason to be so afflicted, because that that very Evening my Brother and the *Marquis* were to be brought together to be made friends. The *Vice-roy* was the person their friends on both sides had applied themselves unto to do this business, who being my Fathers intimate friend, was willing e-

nough to undertake it, and in order thereunto, had invited both parties to ſupper, then and there to make the reconciliation. This it was that depriv'd me of all manner of hope, foraſmuch as upon this reconciliation I certainly knew a marriage would ſuddainly follow; but I was reſolv'd to beg of my Father in the laſt neceſſity, either to put me to death, or to give me leave to go end my dayes in a Convent.

With this determinate reſolution my heart took a little truce, for there is no more to do in the laſt extreams but poſitively to reſolve upon ſomething, to gives ones heart a little eaſe. In this ſad tranquility I was, wherein people uſually are when they deſpair of all manner of reliefs; when about ten or eleven of the Clock at night, I ſaw *Don Pedro* enter my chamber, who at his coming in cried out, *Madam*, to ſee you I am come to brave my death, too happy if I may receive it after this good fortune; for in the affliction I have liv'd ever ſince I was bleſt with your ſight, nothing can be more welcome, and I ſhall die content if the blow come, after I have been ſo happy as to kiſs your

feet

feet. Now you must know that *Don Pedro* having learnt that there were but two men left in the house (one whereof was plac'd over me in the nature of a Keeper, and the other had the charge of the Gate committed to him, whilst my Father and Brother were at the *Vice-Roys* at Supper) had so well ordered his business, that having by the dexterity of some of his servants (who had corrupted the Porter) made himself master of the Gate, and kill'd the other whom they found asleep, he came up to my Chamber without any other opposition, than that of some women, whom the very fear of death withheld from crying out to give any Alarm.

If ever any person was surpriz'd, it was I, when I saw *Don Pedro*; he seem'd methought an apparition, I scarce knew how to believe my own eyes, and so many different motions at once oppress me betwixt the joy of seeing him, and the fear least some mischief should befall him, that I knew not what to say. To what shall I attribute this silence (*Madam* said he) is it that you condemn me to dye, and that my passion is not

powerful enough to move your pity? Pronounce my sentence; if my life seem any thing considerable to you, save it in escaping your self out of the hands of my Rival. If you love me let me deliver you out of this captivity; or if you will that I die by a cruel denyal, I am ready to satisfie and obey you. No, no, *Don Pedro* (answered I all confus'd,) I am not insensible of what your heart suffers for me, but do not you forget, that it is with a man of honor I entrust my self, and that it would be the greatest unworthiness in you to abuse the credulity of a heart that loves you, and gives it self wholly up to you. It would be the greatest of all infamous treacheries (cried *Don Pedro*) could I live for any other but you, and could I be capable of the least infidelity to a woman who has oblig'd me at the rate you have done. I therefore swear to you by your self, by your own fair eyes by which I am so charm'd, and which I so much adore, that my faith is and shall ever be yours and only yours; after which words I gave him my hand, and he presently conducted me down stairs out of the House, and out of the Gate

of

of the City, where we found a Coach ready to carry us to the Port which is no more than half a league only from the Town, and where there lay a little Frigat that *Don Pedro* had hir'd for the purpose, and that only staid our coming to hoist sayl, and to put out to Sea. I shall not here tell how transported with joy *Don Pedro* was when he saw himself at a pretty distance from the shoar, and that the interposition of the Sea secured him from the pursuit of his enemies, neither could he himself sufficiently express it by words, though he said to me all the fine things that a tender and violent Love could dictate to a man who had a great deal of wit, and a great deal of passion. He assur'd me a thousand times over and over again, that his flame should be eternal; but the tears that fell from his eyes, and with which he bath'd one of my hands, which he held close to his mouth, gave me a much better assurance.

I am now in a humor good enough to tell you what delight our Souls were rapt withal in these first moments of our liberty, and how overjoy'd I was at a happiness I so little expected; but I fear

the

the *Sultaness* will presently return, and therefore must finish the rest of this unhappy story without insisting upon particulars that now only serve to encrease my misery, by the remembrance of those past and vanisht delights. You here see how Love feeds upon tears, and is never satisfied; and you shall also see how he overwhelms with misery at the same moments, that he seems to satiate with joy. The weather had been the most favourable in the world for four or five dayes, and we were out of fear because out of the reach of my Fathers anger, and we had not above forty Leagues to sayl to the Isle of *Sardinia* to which place we design'd to go, by reason that the *Vice-Roy* thereof was *Don Pedro*'s Uncle: but when fortune has once design'd a man for unhappiness, every thing is averse to him, every thing turns against him, and the Sea upon which all the Elements are to be fear'd, is the Theater where this inconstant Goddess plays the most and the best of her Game. One is never there assur'd of any thing, at the same time we desire, we hope, and are afraid. The Earth, the Ayr, the Winds, and the Element

ment of fire, even in the midst of the waves, are all of them mortal enemies; but men are more to be avoided than all these. We were now in hope in one dayes sayl to discover the Isle of *Sardinia*, when one of the Sea men came to acquaint *Don Pedro*, that they had discover'd from the Coasts of *Barbary*, from which we were not very far, a Galley that made towards us, and that therefore we must resolve by force of Oares to recover the Isle of *Corsica*, if we would avoid being taken, for there was no doubt to be made, but that they were Pirates.

This news put me into a much greater fear than it did my Lover, who was not a man accustomed to tremble at any Alarm, and who thought himself raised to too great a degree of fortune having me in his possession, to suspect so great and so suddain a fall. He came then upon the deck to see what course this Galley steer'd, and saw that in truth she came upon us with sayls and oars amain, and that therefore there was no more time to loose. He then made them turn head towards the Island of *Corsica*, to which place we had the wind to the

Southward, the moſt favourable that could be to our deſign: but the Galley had the ſame advantage, and it ſtood rather more right for them than us, ſo that in caſe it ſhould ſtiffen never ſo little upon them, we could hope for no other but to have them in three or four hours aboard us.

After then that he had given all the orders neceſſary to fly, or to fight in caſe it could not otherwiſe be avoyded, he came to find me in the Maſters Cabin where I was, and where in truth the one half of my courage had forſaken me. He diſembled the beſt he could the fear that began to ſeize upon him, not of being taken, or of looſing his life, but of looſing me; yet could he not ſo well diſguiſe his apprehenſion but that I quickly diſcover'd it in the little diſorder I ſaw him in, and the trouble I perceiv'd in his countenance did but too well enform me of what he had in his heart. I would therefore be the firſt to comfort him, ſhould our fatal deſign reduce us to the extremity of all misfortunes, and creating courage out of my love to make ſome ſhew of reſolution, *Don Pedro* (ſaid I)

it

it is no longer time to conceal any thing from me, I see very well that fortune will not yet cease to prosecute us, and that the danger wherein we are of being taken by this Galley allows us but a little time to manage. Let us therefore make the best use of it; 'tis enough this is no Galley of *Spain*; the *Turks* will have more compassion of us, than my Father would have, and I shall be much better pleased to fall into their hands, than I should have been to have seen my self in the arms of the *Marquis*: How hard soever my servitude may be amongst these *Barbarians*, Love has already prepar'd me with too long a habit of misfortune to apprehend it. The miseries of slavery will be supported with pleasure, so long as I can preserve to you the faith that I have promised to you, and that I again swear to you by all that is Holy in Heaven ---at which the tears gusht into two Torrents out of my eyes, and made an end of telling him that, which they stop'd my mouth from expressing. *Don Pedro* upon whose heart these words of mine had wrought the effect that you may imagine they must needs do upon

a heart tender and passionate to the degree that his was, remain'd immoveable as a Rock, and beheld me weeping in the posture of a man that was about to expire, and who had lost all the sence and faculties of life. Poor *Don Pedro*! what a sad condition was he in! he had not the power to answer me one word, so that he only held my hand close to his breast, endeavouring by that action to make me understand that his grief took away his tongue, and that it was so great he was not able to express it. These motions are too violent to continue long, and he must of necessity give them more liberty in the end, and let them sally out of his mouth to ease his heart. Unfortunate man that I am (he began to say) who alone am cause of all the disgraces that befal the person whom I adore above the world, and that I must be born for no other end, but for her undoing and ruine! O Heavens, what strange offence have I committed against you, that you should persecute me above other men with so great injustice! Have I incurr'd your displeasure to that degree? who is it that would not have done the same

thing

thing that I have taken upon me to do? and what violent course have I taken, that Love did not command, and compel me unto? My dearest Princess (continued he looking upon me with an eye that pierc'd into my very Soul,) your constancy does equally astonish, and afflict me; but I am overcome by your love, to see that I have precipitated you into so dangerous a fortune as this that overwhelms my courage, and that if we are taken (as it is very much to be fear'd we shall, without a particular relief from Heaven) I deliver you up to the most cruel race of people in the whole world; whilst in the mean time you fear nothing, and the passion you have for me is such, that amidst a thousand reasons you have justly to reproach me, you continue to overcharge me with bounties, that are incomparably above all others, fit to charm a heart that is wholly devoted to your vertue and are pleas'd in the midst of these extreams to give me new assurances of your fidelity and affliction. Ah (*Madam*) with how exemplary a vertue is your brave soul endued! and why have I not a thousand lives to lay them all down

down at this instant in the service to which the excess of this generous affection of yours does oblige me. On the contrary *Don Pedro* (said I interrupting him) if I have any title or power to obtain any signal testimony of your love, it is to preserve that life of yours upon which mine does so absolutely depend; for Heavens sake therefore do not precipitate your self into the hazard of so unequal a fight, or at least remember that you cannot dy, but I must also perish with you. Good God! *Albirond*, how should I stir up your compassion, should I repeat to you all that we sayd to one another upon this occasion, which yet only serv'd to make us more sensible of the sad extreamity to which we were reduc'd, and to make us more tender of one another, by the protestation we mutually renew'd of a lasting and inviolate faith.

The wind in the mean time freshned upon our sayls, and by that means had assisted the Pirates also with so brisk a Gale, that the Galley had fetch'd us up an hour sooner than we expected; notwithstanding by the force of more sayl that we had clapt on, we were got within

within fifteen Leagues of the Isle of *Corbca*, when the Galley was come up only within Canon-shot. She gave us at her coming up but one of her Chace pieces only, which at this first firing did us no harm at all; but that as she drew within nearer distance grew to greater danger, and having two that were full Canon plaid at last so full into our middle deck, as at one volley cut of six of our men. *Don Pedro* had given strict order not to fire on our part till the Galley should come up very near, that we might give them a whole broad-side at once. The match was too unequal, for they had aboard the Galley ten men to one that we had in the Frigot; for alas! we little expected, and had less prepar'd for so dangerous an encounter: nevertheless our men took heart by the brave example of *Don Pedro*, by whom they were animated with such resolution as had been sufficient to have inspir'd courage into the greatest Cowards in the world. In the end the Galley boarded us, and was received with the same bravery with which she attacqu'd us. These Sea fights (as you your self know) are the most furious,

and bloody of all other, and there is no place wherein there is more safety than another, all parts of the ship being equally in danger, not only of the shot and the sword, but also of the fire and the water, and to which the Conquerors are equally subject with those that are overcome. Who had then seen *Don Pedro* with that undaunted bravery he fought, and the vigor with which he sustein'd and inspir'd his men, would have rank'd him with the most famous Captains that ever put to Sea. He made head in all places where his presence was most requir'd, and thrust himself into the mouth of dangers with so great agility and courage, that one would have said there had been ten *Don Pedro*'s instead of one; and indeed a Mistris to fight for (and she too upon the place) is a wonderful incitement, and so great a spur to valor, as will make a man perform things even beyond the power of a man. But what could valor do in so unequal a fight? every one of our souldiers perform'd acts worthy of a Triumph; but notwithstanding sooner or later they must yield to the number of the enemy, and

and such a one as was accustomed to overcome or dye. Three or four times they attempted to board us, and as often were bravely repulsed, so that mauger the odds against us, *Don Pedro* with his handful of men held the victory in suspence. The courage and opposition of so little a number of so good men as those of ours, made me despise the weakness of my sex, and I was never less in fear of death than in this occasion; so that I follow'd *Don Pedro* which way soever he went, who having three or four times entreated me to retire into the Cabin, seeing it was in vain, and that I was resolv'd to share with him in the glory of the action, it is not to be believ'd, what wonders my presence made him do. The *Turks* still gave back where ever he made head against them, and every blow he gave was death, insomuch that the ardor of the *Barbarians* began visibly to cool, and the victory had peradventure turn'd wholly over to our side, had not Fortune vowed an irreconcilable hatred against us; for in the greatest heat of the fight, of which our people now began to expect an advantageous issue, or at the worst

to come off with equal honor; an unlucky Canon-shot betwixt wind and water sunck our Frigot, and by that means put an end to the engagement, where the Conquerors obtein'd less glory, than the conquered, and where the victory strongly went over to the loosing side. There were but few of our brave souldiers left alive when this unfortunate shot put an end to the dispute, of which part were drown'd, and the rest were taken up either swimming the inSea, or susteining themselves upon the wracks of the Frigot, some certain loose pieces whereof floated above water when the vessel it self was sunk. I was of the number of those that were made slaves, and that through the good favor of my cloaths, that bore me up, and which in so doing only preserv'd me from the fury of the waves, to make me miserably survive the death of my beloved Lover. I thought from the first that he would certainly be preserv'd with those they took up out of Sea, which I had the greater reason to believe, because I had seen him upon a planck with which he was using all possible endeavor to come,

come and relieve me, just at the time when I was taken up by the Pirates: but his despair without doubt made him to part from it, having no more desire to live after he saw me in the hands of the barbarous enemy. Alas! how unexpressible was my grief, when I could hear no news of him, and into what a furious affliction did that news cast me, when they brought me word, that he was with the rest swallowed by the waves. I a thousand times curst the hour I had not follow'd him to the bottom of the deep, and thenceforward sought for nothing but death; but the cruelty of my new Masters was such, that to have the pleasure of seeing me dye once a day, they denyed me the means to do it once for all.

Isabella ended these last words with so lamentable an accent, and accompanied them with so sorrowful a look, that *Albirond* was touched with compassion for her to that degree, as himself to feel part of the young Lady's sufferings, and so sensible he was of her misfortune and sad condition, as to offer and promise her his best assistance to deliver her from the sla-

very into which by her adverſe ſtars ſhe had been unfortunately caſt. He was alſo about to enter into conſultation with her about the means, when a grat noiſe they heard at the outer door of the Apartment, interrupted them from diſcourſing further concerning that affair. And then it was that fear began a-new to ſeize the dejected *Albirond* and ſo far, that although *Iſabella* aſſur'd him it was the *Sultaneſs* only, yet whatever ſhe could ſay, he was not to be perſwaded by her, but would needs return into his Kennel, and thought himſelf even there not over ſecure. I know uot what judgment others may make of *Albironds* little reſolution in this caſe, but for my part I am of opinion, that naturally there was very little to be taken, unleſs he had had King *Agramants* ring which was,

Di tal vertu che chi nel dito ha quello
Contra il mal de gl' incanti ha Medi-
(cina:

or elſe the body of *Aſtolfo*. But let the writers of Romances make their Hero's play

play the parts of persons of the other world. *Albirond* was a man of this; and the fear of being roasted alive would have made him have crept into a less hole, than that of the house of office. *Isabella* then went to open the *Sultaness* the door, who in an extraordinary anxiety of thought, at the first word askt her news of *Albirond*, and if she knew not what was become of him. The Slave presently appeas'd the mind of this passionate Lady by what she told her of her beloved *Amoroso*, and by assuring her that she should immediately see him in the same Cabinet where she had left him. The fair *Sultaness* could not possibly imagine it could be so (so timerous we are of deceiving our selves, or of being deceived by others in a thing which we extreamly desire;) and her own eyes must give her the joy, her hearr durst not without their testimony entertein. But how acceptable a surprize was it to her to find him indeed upon the same Bed where she had left him! how infinite a satisfaction was it to her panting heart, and how many sorts of caresses did it prompt her withal to acquit her self for the suffe-

rings and torments she had sustein'd, and felt for the love of him, and the follicitude she had been in for his safety! O my dearest dear (said she embracing and kissing him with all imaginable tenderness) how highly are we this day oblig'd to Love, and Fortune? to the one, for having preserv'd thy life which I thought by my means had been lost; and to the other, for bringing thee again into my arms! In what danger (continued she) did I see the! Oh, that I had need of infinite pleasures to settle my heart, for the cruel suspence and torments I have suffer'd in so terrible a fear! The fair one shed some tears amongst her words in the transports wherewith she expreſt her amorous desires, which tender tears trickled so gently upon the face of *Albirond*, as extracted sighs from his breast, which he knew also how to accompany with some expressions full of Love and passion. Discretion had made *Isabella* withdraw into the next room; for a third person unwillingly looks on to behold things wherein they themselves would, but can have no share; by reason that one and one make two, and two and

two

two make four; Love only delighting in even numbers, whereas a third person alwaies spoiles the sport.

The *Sultaness* who had no mind to loose any more time in talk, was layd negligently upon the Bed with her head supported by one of her arms, and her eyes fixt upon her lover, with such a look as demanded of him what the most innocent might very well understand. The Bath she had been in though cold water, had nothing quench'd the ardor of her desires; but she felt all the wanton fires with which Love had furnish'd the whole Cabinet, and which were such as even made her melt with the flame; and she was so far spent with the ardency of her affection that she had no other expression left her but her sighs, and those, as it were, articulated with the trembling of desire. But what think you did *Albirond* do in the midst of so much flame? Alas! 'tis almost incredible, so hard it is to be believ'd; he was become upon the matter insensible as a statue; at least, in plain truth, he had nothing left him but the will, that boyled with the same ardor the *Sultaness* did. The fright he had

been

been in had so froze up his Spirits for once, that he was cold as Ice, and had no other feeling left him but upon his lips only, which his Mistriss had thaw'd and warm'd with a thousand kisses. But to what serv'd these little dalliances, toyings and delayes, save only to make her the more thirsty, and to set her the more agog? Kisses do not quench an amorous thirst, no more than one fire extinguishes another, notwithstanding this miserable impotent could do nothing more; and the mischief on't was, that the shame of his miscarriage encreast his impotency so, that he was at this moment by having too good an opportunity to be happy the most unhappy person upon earth. The *Sultaness* already begun to grow impatient, she knew not what to think of the courage of her servant, which made her say to her self, What, in the name of wonder, is the matter with *Abirond!* what does he stay for! what does he expect! is his passion dead or asleep! and is it possible he can have so much insensibility where he meets with so much Love! This made her offer at some little wantonnesses by way of advance, which afterwards she

was

was a little asham'd of, and so as that the apprehension of what she had done strew'd her face over with a rosy blush. *Albirond* understood all this well enough; he saw what she expected from him, which he also would have desir'd more than she, had his passion had the same power over what should animate his body, as it had over his understanding; but all would not do, and he had only run so great a hazard of his life to make himself the most pittiful fellow in the world, at a time when he was the most to have Triumph'd in his fortune. Heavens, what am I become! (said he to himself) what a dull pitiful Rascal am I! is it possible that so many beautiful objects have not the power to move me? where is my soul? what is become of my spirits, that they refuse to assist my passion in so critical a time, and in the happiest opportunity that ever man was blest withal! I have in my time done wonders, where I have had no temptation of Love or beauty to allure me, and must I now play the beast where my affection is so deeply engag'd, and not only my own reputation, but also the honor of my Nation,

Nation (famous throughout the world for feats of love) lies at ſtake! Go wretched member, and as thou now doeſt, hide thy head for ever; thou haſt for ever ſham'd and ruin'd thy Maſter. Certainly my Blood is frozen up by enchantment, or otherwiſe this diſgrace could never have befaln me.

——fuit Hectore quondam (cbille,
Fortius, & tumido violentius Ingurn A-
Aſt modo torpet iners, & colla labantia (flectit,
Triſtius exangui monacho quatiente Cu-
(cullum.

And yet the charms that I ſee before my eyes, are rather of a nature to produce fire in the ſnow, than to extinguiſh that I had in my heart; which being ſaid he redoubled his endeavors, and tried all the devices, that were likely to put him into the humor of performing the part of a gallant man, creeping a little cloſer to his Miſtriſs, who ſeeing him begin to buſtle up and ſtir, thought that the happy hour was now come, which made her (to help him forward artificially, and as if it had been without deſign,

ſign, diſcover to him the moſt beautiful treaſures, that Love and Nature have in their faireſt Territories, and that were ſuch as had been ſufficient to have thaw'd the froſt even of old age it ſelf. But the Devil was in't, all this would not do; neither ſhe, nor he, nor both their endeavors joyn'd together could trinckle (as a modern Author uſes the word ſomething to worſe purpoſe) that ſtupid lump of his into any manner of complacency; and *Albirond* although in the very flower of his youth, was nothing mov'd with all theſe temptations, and all the allurements ſhe could expoſe before him (which were ſuch as perhaps no || other woman had to ſhew) did only work upon his mind without awaking in him in the leaſt the ſentiments of Nature. By this time deſpair (as good reaſon there was) had wholly taken poſſeſſion of his ſoul, and he confeſt in his heart after ſo manifeſt a demonſtration of impotency, that he was no more a man. Prodigious effect of fear, to have * transform'd into marble, what a little before the fire of Love had almoſt reduc'd to Aſhes! Alaſs, that theſe accidents are cruel!

|| *In Turky he means.*

* *Transprot'd had been a better word.*

cruel! that these Metamorphosies are shameful! and that these coldnesses are very much out of season, when a man should rather dye of too much vigor, and heat!

The amorous *Sultaness* takes offence and grows angry in the end; her passion had already been stretcht to the utmost, and her soul all on flame, could no longer endure a man of marble so near her; she therefore start up from the Bed, and with a look full of anger and disdain, leaves him without giving him so much as one word, and retired herself into the other room to her Slave. I think *Isabella* (said she) that *Albirond* is not well, at least I am certain that he has all the signs of a sick man upon him, for he faints, and is not able to stir a member. Prethee go in to him, and try what thou canst do towards the bringing of him to himself again, and the restoring of his spirits, which he very much stands in need of, that he may be thought to be yet alive. The *Sultaness* said all this after so grave and serious a manner, that she took it to be in very good earnest, and ran without staying to be better enform'd of her

meaning

meaning towards *Albirond* to relieve him. Coming into the Cabinet she found him laid upon the Bed in such a posture, as did not ill represent a sick person; and the rage and confusion wherein the *Sultaness* had left him contributed to the perswading of *Isabella* that he had in good earnest been swooning, especially seeing he sayd not a word to her at her coming in: shee therefore took a little vessel that stood full of* water in the window, and approaching softly towards the unfortunate Cavalier, askt him if he stood in any need of that to refresh him, and after what manner he was held? There was in this salutation more than enough to encrease *Albironds* despair, and to put him out of all manner of patience to see himself jeer'd, and abus'd after this manner, wherefore he coldly entreated *Isabella* to let him alone, telling her that he wanted nothing at all. The Slave hearing him answer her after this odd fashion, did not know really what to think; but shee knew very well by *Albironds* manner of speaking that there was something more than a fainting in the wind: shee did not perceive that he appear'd

* *A Coffen-dish of Coals and a feather had been more proper for him.*

peard to be very ſick, and therefore conceived that there might be rather ſome little falling out betwixt the *Sultaneſs* and him, as it often happens betwixt the moſt paſſionate lovers. She had an itch therefore to be a little better ſatisfied, and to that purpoſe inquiſitively demanded of him, if he had given the *Sultaneſs* no occaſion of offence; *Albirond* in whom the ſole remembrance of his impotency redoubled the vexation of his mind, ſtraight imagin'd, that *Iſabella* had been ſent on purpoſe to rail him after that cruel manner, and in that opinion out of ſpite to be ſo us'd, neglecting to anſwer pertinently to the queſtion ſhee askt him, only deſired her to help him out, that he might go hence to his lodging. By this dogged reply of his, ſhee was confirm'd in her former ſuſpition; but nevertheleſs made anſwer, that he could not depart till firſt ſhee had acquainted the *Sultaneſs* with his reſolution; but that ſhe would go preſently to her to know her pleaſure, and return to him again: The fair *Sultaneſs* could not on the ſuddain perſwade her ſelf to conſent that *Albirond* ſhould depart from her, till firſt ſhe had

extract-

ed from him ſome ſatisfaction for the diſappointment he had put upon her; but after ſome reaſons that the poor founder'd Lover had ſent to repreſent before her of the danger leaſt the *Beglerbeg* ſhould ask for him, and leaſt they at his lodging ſhould make a hubbub at his ſtaying out ſo long; ſhe gave him leave to go at laſt, but upon this condition nevertheleſs that he ſhould come again very early in the morning, and that in the mean time he ſhould take ſomething to cure him of his Lethargy.

After this manner did our *Cavalier* obtein his diſmiſſion; and although he did not ask to ſee his Miſtriſs at his going away, to avoid the having his ſhame renew'd upon him, by a ſight which but for that he would have purchac'd at the peril of his life: ſhe nevertheleſs came out to him, having much ado to forbear laughing, and kiſt him five or ſix times before ſhe would let him go. *Iſabella* went with him to the window, at which looking out, and ſeeing no body in the Garden, ſhe told him he might go down, which he alſo did, not with ſo much joy, and ſo great ardor

as he had mounted before; but at greater ease, and in a much worse humor. The fair Slave was all this while mighty impatient to know what had past, and what could be the matter betwixt the *Sultaness*, and *Albirond*, whom she saw go away so discontent, and her longing was as quickly satisfied as her impatience was great, her Mistriss who had a mind to laugh with her about it, telling her all as soon as she return'd back into her Chamber, and in that pleasant humor would needs have *Isabella* write him a railing letter about it, of which commission she acquitted her self after this manner.

The Slave *Isabella* to the insensible *Albirond*.

I Knew not what shift you made to get home, but in the weak condition you parted hence, I cannot see, but unless you had some help you must necessarily lye by the way. Poor Lover! is this all you are able to do, where you are so passionately in love? and could your mettle proceed no further, than only to dye in the arms of a fair Lady? In earnest you have mightily deceiv'd

deceiv'd me; for to see with what vigor and address, with no more help but that of a simple cord only, you mounted the window of our Apartment, I could not have believed you would have fail'd where there was so little to be done. Men half dead rise again upon these occasions; and is it not at such a time that a brave Cavalier should dye of faintness. I cannot forbear to tell you, that I am infinitely sorry you should so misdemeane your self; and the interest I pretend to in your reputation, obliges me to deal more freely with you, than I should have done, did not this affair so highly reflect upon your honor. Consider with your self what you are, and endeavor to repair so great a Comandise: I can assure you it is highly expected from you, and we are apt to hope better things from your courage; the rather because you were observ'd to be in a better posture, and better dispos'd to acquit your self like a man of honor, before the Beglerbeg came to subdue that lusty humor, otherwise you would be in great danger never again to be admitted to a second tryal; Farewel, I expect you.

This Letter to say the truth was a little too free for a Maid, but it put the *Sultaness* into a very good humor, whom *Isabella* made it her business by all wayes to please, and whose interest it was so to do; neither had she given the reins to her wit upon any other account, but only to divert her. The *Sultaness* commanded her presently to seal it up, and to carry it to the ordinary place where they us'd to lay the rest, that is to say, to the conduit of Lead, where *Albirond* and she had first shook hands; to the end that he, who never fail'd to visit that place the first thing he did, might read the Letter so soon as ever he should come into the Garden.

Thus did the *Sultaness*, and her fair Slave divert, and make themselves merry with the poor *Cavalier's* disaster; but our unfortunate *Albirond* was nothing in so pleasant a humor, nor past away his time after so pleasant a manner; in his life he had never been so dissatisfied with himself as he was at this instant, and it wanted but little when he came home to his lodging, that rage and shame had not put an end

to

to his dayes. Despite, grief, melancholly, vexation, horror, confusion, all sorts of ill humor, and all the other civil affections of the mind that can any way persecute or torment a poor Soul, prompted him to dislodg his from a body so wretched, and so destitute of vigor; and doubtless had it not been for the hopes of doing better, when he should be a little better compos'd and recovered from the fright he had been in, there had been an end of a *Monsieur*. He now no more remembred the hazard he had run, nor the danger he had been in, his memory and imagination being wholly taken up with the mortal effects of a cold and impotent constitution. And though he had been certain to dye all manner of deaths, he would a second time tempt the same fortune, to try to repair so infamous a stupidity by feats worthy a man of his force and mettle; and he was confident enough of his own abilities, not to fear twice together to give false fire. Oh Heavens! what power has glory over a young heart already replete with love! but especially when a fair Mistriss is in the concern. It is true that

he had been engag'd in several other encounters of this nature, but such an accident had never befaln him before, and he might safely say without vanity that in all his other amorous conflicts he had behav'd himself as well, and come as bravely off as any *Cavalier* in the world. All the rest of that day he made very much of himself, and avoided all violent exercise to keep his forces entire; but it is true withal, that he did eat but very little, and that he did not sleep much better; for though he made no great doubt but to behave himself better the next time, yet could he not banish from his mind the grief of having done as he did, or rather of having been able to do nothing at all.

In the morning (which prov'd as fair an one as could be wish'd for the resurrection of the flesh,) he arm'd himself at all points, not for the camp of *Mars*, but for that of *Venus*, and came into the Garden, much better dreſt and perfum'd than he was wont to be; but in truth something with the lateſt for him, by reason that a great many slaves which *Azem* had brought thither were working at *Sidi Mahomet*'s Bath, and had

had begun by the Aqueduct, to which the pipe of Lead belong'd where they us'd to lay their Letters. It is not to be imagin'd with what astonishment and grief our unfortunate Lover saw these people there at this time, it being as though he had seen so many persons prepar'd to put him to death, with a thousand several cruel torments. What fury, what Tempests arose at once in his mind! to see the evil condition to which his affairs were reduc'd by this accident, and the little likelyhood there was, that he could of a good many dayes acquit himself of his debt; which to do, the impatience he was in was the thing that the most of all afflicted his mind. In the mean time he was constrain'd to turn aside into another walk to avoid being seen in that of the *Seraglio* where the Slaves were at work, and there the working of his fancy carried him so far before he was aware of what he was doing, or which way he was going (his thoughts being wholly taken up with the deliberation of what he was to resolve upon) that he was got to the end of the Garden before he almost knew where he was: but

there coming a little to himself he took notice of a Slave, that being withdrawn apart from the rest, was reading a Letter, at the contents whereof (as it should seem) he skrew'd himself into so many extravagant postures, as sufficiently denoted him to be at the end of his wits, and either enrag'd or afflicted, or both, even to despair. The odd and extraordinary gestures of this Slave possest *Alibrond* with a certain curiosity to know who this fellow was, and what the matter might be; which he might the better do by reason that by the favor of some trees in the walk, he might steal pretty near him without danger of being seen. He advanc'd therefore, and stopp'd not till he approach'd so near that he could very well hear every word he sayd, which also he utter'd very loud after this manner in the *Spanish* Tongue. Ah ingrate! ingrateful woman (said he) I but too well know thy hand, that thy false heart has here made use of to the violation of the fidelity thou hast so often, and with so many vows engag'd to me; why was I not born blind; or rather why was I born at all? To what cruel Destiny

has

has Heaven reserv'd me in delivering me from the fury of the waves, to no other end but only to bring me hither with my own eyes to behold but too too clear and killing testimonies of the blackest infidelity that ever was committed vpon the face of the earth! Let us doubt no more, my Soul, my eyes are too faithful witnesses, I see and read it: This faithless woman has given up her self to another, not by any Law of equity, seeing she had no power to dispose of her self anew, after having given up her faith to me, but by a Lawless Law, of a fickle and sensual Love. Ah cruel! was not that enough I have already suffered for thee, but that thou must again deceive me? Heaven will I hope revenge me of thy perfidy, and of the love that thou hast banniſh'd from thy inconstant breast to make room for another. But why do I stay any longer in the world? or why do I delay to go out of it since she for whom I only lived ravishes away my life to give it to a Rival? Let us dye then, let us dye with the torments that I suffer, since I am already dead to those delights I propos'd to my self in the enjoyment

of

of the sweetest fair that ever betray'd a true affection. 'Tis to have ceast to live, when we can propose to our selves no joy in living; let us then cease to suffer, and part with a life that carries with it more misery and torment than a thousand deaths. But ought I to dye without being first reveng'd? and have I not means enough left me wherewith to punish this too happy Rival, and too unfaithful Mistris? Let us then first revenge our selves. Let us first kill those that murder me, and let us reserve our selves, my Soul, till first I have made an end of them who have depriv'd me of my heart. The Slave so soon as he had spoke these words, was about to turn back again to go to his fellows; when *Albirond* who was not above three steps from him, stopt him short, and in so doing strangely surprized him. He demanded of him what he ayl'd to look so sad and dejected, or why he thus separated himself from the rest, and whether he wanted any thing wherein it might be in his power to relieve him? The Slave instead of returning a civil answer to so obliging a Compliment as *Albirond* had made him, only paid him back with a look

look full of ſcorn and indignation, as if his quarrel had been to him, and without any kind of reply, ſtrove to get his arms at liberty, by which the other held him. This rude carriage of the Slave did a little aſtoniſh the *Cavalier*, who could not imagine why he ſhould behave himſelf to him after this manner; but he ſaw he was of neceſſity to detein him by force, to be better ſatisfied in the buſineſs, believing with good reaſon, that there was ſomething more than humor in the caſe; but for what reaſon the Slave ſhould proceed after this manner, quite contrary to the behaviour of all the reſt, he could not ſo much as gueſs, eſpecially towards him, who obliged them all by all the wayes he could, and who was reſpected by every one, upon the account of the friendſhip the *Beglerbeg* manifeſted to him upon all occaſions. He would therefore make uſe of a little cunning to try to engage the Slave to tell him all, by repeating to him what he had already gathered out of his own mouth. He then after a gentle and courteous manner, askt him two or three queſtions, concerning his name the place of his birth, and how he came

to

to be made a Slave; to which the fellow grumbling answer'd, that his name was *Alphonso*, that he was of *Valence* in *Spain*, and that a *Tagarin* had sold him to the *Beglerbeg* his Master. But *Albirond* who was not content with this, and that had a mind to learn something more particularly from him, askt him again what made him so sad? and whether it was not that Letter he had seen him read, that had put him into that ill humor? telling him that he ought not to deny him that little satisfaction; that he should not repent him of making him his *Privado*, and that if he knew him well, as he believed he must needs do, he might believe, that it was in his power to do him a good office to his Master. *Alphonso* so soon as ever he heard him mention the Letter became more troubled than before, and like a mad-man wrested himself out of *Albirond*'s hands with these words that he said to him going away. Yes, I have a Letter, but it shall be delivered to no other but the *Beglerbeg* himself, who I hope will revenge me in righting himself from the injury that is practised upon him in his own house. These words

were

were too plain not to put *Albirond* to a damnable non-plus, he saw well enough that they were levelled at him, and that it was no more to be doubted but that this Letter came from the *Sultaneſs*. One is apt to fear every thing when every thing is in reaſon to be fear'd; nevertheleſs upon examining the affair from the one end to the other, he could not conceive what intereſt this Slave could have in it; nor of what he would that the *Beglerbeg* ſhould revenge him. He ſometimes thought that he had pierc'd into the marrow of the Miſtery, when he was the whole Heaven wide, and the furtheſt off of all; for by the handſome mean of the Slave, and his bold manner of ſpeaking, he imagin'd him to be another of the *Sultaneſs*'s Gallants, whom ſhe had favour'd before him; and theſe words of ingrate and faithleſs that he had heard him exclaim with, did but too much confirm him in this opinion. Here it was that Jealouſy (a paſſion that had never before poſſeſt him upon the account of the *Sultaneſs*,) ſeiz'd him after ſuch ſort, as might peradventure have hurried him to ſome precipi-

tous

tous violence upon the Slave, had he not been already at a good diſtance from him: but he being got out of his reach, he turn'd into another vvalk to meditate upon ſome remedy in ſo deſperate an affair. One vexation drives out another; he had already forgot that vvhich had ſo much perplext him but a little before, in that he could not execute his deſign, and now his vvhole fancy vvas at vvork to contrive ſome way to get the Slaves Letter from him, either by fair means or foul; that ſo he might diſengage himſelf from a perplexity, by which he was on all ſides ſtrangely tormented. He walked on ruminating after this manner; when an arrow, like that before, whiſhing by his ear, ſtopp'd his progreſs. He ran preſently to take it up, not doubting but it brought ſome Ticket along with it as the other had done, and accordingly he found one tied to the ſhaft, which contein'd theſe words.

ALhirond, think of diſengaging us from the danger we are now falling into, and wherein you your ſelf, to our great misfortune, are equally concern'd. Thus it is,

The

The Sultaneſs *laſt night commanded me to write a letter to you, which I did after ſo indiſcreet a manner, as will coſt us all our lives if you do not uſe your utmoſt endeavor to recover it. I layd it, by her order, before wee went to bed, in the pipe of Lead, where I us'd to lay the others, that you might read it ſo ſoon as you came into the Garden; and this Morning, this Company of Slaves you See, are come er'e we were awake to work at the Bath, and have unluckily begun by this pipe, which they have remov'd out of its place. The letter muſt therefore neceſſarily either be ſtill within it, or ſome of them muſt have taken it out. For Heavens ſake try your wits then to find it out, and if you have any hopes of delivering us from the fear and trouble wee are in, make us a ſign with your handkerchief, for the Sultaneſs is in a mortal apprehenſion.*

So ſoon as *Albirond* had read this Ticket, he no more doubted but that the letter they ſpake of was the ſame he had ſeen in the ſlave *Alphonſo's* hands; but yet he could not imagine what reaſon he could have to be ſo highly concern'd at it, nor what to think of his ſaying the *Beglerbeg* ſhould revenge him. He ſtill

fell

fell into his former opinion, that this was some favourite of the *Sultaness*, and that upon a less account than an interest of Jealousie, a slave could not pick any thing out of a letter that was not directed to him. All these reasons, and all these different thoughts ended at last in a resolution to retrive this letter by what way soever, at least to prevent it from being carried to the *Beglerbeg's* hands. To this end he went presently to the pallace, and there enquired of the first of the Guards he met with, if he knew the slave *Alphonso*? and that he must in the name of Governor *Azem* go fetch him thither. The Turk made answer, that he did not well know which of the Slaves this was, that he had only heard the *Beglerbeg* had bought such a one about fifteen dayes since; but that he would immediately go bring him to him. As soon as *Alphonso* came, *Albirond* bid him follow him; which the slave made no difficulty to obey, knowing very well that it was in *Albironds* power to cause him to be cudgell'd to death if he commanded it only, without asking any reason why. When the *Cavalier* had got him a pritty way out into the fields,

attended

attended only by two *Moors* that continually waited upon him, he there askt him first of all, if he had belong'd to the *Beglerbeg* any considerable time? To which *Alphonso* making answer, that in truth it was but a few dayes since he had been sold to his Master, it serv'd not a little to undeceive *Albirond* from his former error, and at the same time possest him with a greater curiosity than ever, to interrogate him, What reasons he could have to concern himself so much with that Letter? seeing that it was not possible that in so short a time this slave could have made any particular acquaintance with the *Sultaness*, but he himself must infallibly have had some knowledg of it. He prest him then in very good earnest, to tell him, why he should make such a business of that letter; telling him in plain terms, that he would see it, to know what pretence he could have to revenge himself of an ingrate. Yes (sayd *Alphonso*) who could not very well avoyd answering him, and declaring the whole business of an ingrate, that will betray you also, as she has already done me. I know not (replyd *Albirond*) of whom you intend to

ſpeak, you muſt therefore better explain your ſelf, and tell me who it is you complain of, for without doubt you are miſtaken. This Letter (replyed the ſlave) has alone ſufficiently enform'd me of more than I ever expected to know, but I will never deliver it to you ſo long as I have life; and tis enough for you to know, that it comes from the Seraglio, to beleive that a man may ſufficiently revenge himſelf, who has as much, or a greater intereſt there than you. But what pretence (ſayd *Albirond*) can you have in the Seraglio who are a ſtranger, and but newly arriv'd in this Country? who do you know there, this letter does not come from the party you imagin. Alaſs (ſayd *Alphonſo*) I know the hand but too well, and would to Heaven that my eyes did not aſſure me that it comes from a faithleſs Maid, who writes it to you: from a fickle one, for whoſe love I have croſt the Seas, to give my ſelf up a ſlave, and with my liberty to hazard the looſing of my life, that I have only preſerv'd for her, and that I ought rather to have laid down for any other, than ſuch a treacherous, and faithleſs Woman. For, to be ſhort *Albirond*, ſince I

ſee

see my affairs reduc'd to this desperate condition, I care not much if you know all, that you may have as much aversion, as perhaps you have love for a creature, the most treacherous and false that ever set her foot upon the face of the earth. This *Isabella* (Sir) by whom you are now enchanted, is the same who betraid me for you, after having promis'd and vowed to me her faith with a thousand Oaths, above a thousand times, and after having given me such assurances, as she cannot without dying of shame deny. *Albirond* had thus far harkned to the Slave with a marvailous attention; but he had now said enough to unravel all this adventure, and to discover the truth of an affair concerning which he had been so much perplext. After what *Isabella* had told him in the story of her Lover, he had all the reason in the world to believe that this was he, and that he had not been cast away as she thought; which, was also so much the more likely, because she had said she saw him upon a planck. All which being considered, *Albirond* without permitting the Slave to proceed any further, cut him short, by demanding of

him, if his name was not *Don Pedro*, and not *Alphonso*? Yes (said the Slave) I am that unfortunate *Don Pedro* of whom that traytress (the subject of my tears) has doubtless given you some account, that *Don Pedro* who—— Here *Albirond* would needs interrupt him from proceeding any further, assuring him that it was nothing but the fear of being seen by these *Moors* that withheld him, from embracing and paying him all the respect that was due to a man of his quality and merit; after which he endeavour'd to perswade him, that he was his friend, and not his Rival: but he found that a thing something hard to do, and was in the end constrain'd to shew him *Isabella*'s second Letter, and even to declare unto him part of what had past betwixt the *Sultaness* and him, thereby to dispossess him of his former conceit; and then it was that *Don Pedro* began to pant with a little joy, after so many torments, and so many miseries, that Love and Jealousy had afflicted him withal. He observ'd something in *Albirond* so generous and so gentile and so little of the Traitors mode, and together with his own protestations, helpt wholly

wholly to clear his understanding from his former suspicion, and to make him hope for better things, and a better fortune than he before expected. *Albirond* also, on his side, was not a little satisfied with himself for having brought so ticklish and so difficult an affair to so good an issue, and which he had before judg'd almost impossible to succeed to his advantage; at least without his being necessitated to push things on to the last extream. They enter'd from this time forward into the most perfect friendship that could possibly be; *Don Pedro* wholly relyed upon *Albirond* for his fortune, he gave him the Letter which he himself had found in the pipe of Lead, and had taken out thence without any one having perceived him; and in the end both of them, without taking any further notice of one another, return'd to the Garden, where *Alphonso* fell to work amongst the rest, and *Albirond* took another walk, where he might be seen from the *Straglio* to give the sign with his handkerchief, that all was well. He there continued something longer, to stay as he was wont to do the hour of dinner,

during which time he resolv'd in his mind with some delight the several different passions he had been tormented with in that one morning. It is true that the Nature of Love is quite another thing than what people imagine. 'Tis like a fire, that shines at distance, and pleases our sight, but when one comes to touch it,

(earth
Oh how it Burns, the Monster teeming
Never produc'd such a prodigious birth.

'Tis a thing wonderful hard to deal withal, the world knows it not; there is nothing so vexatious, nothing so wounding; nor any thing that kills with so much impunity all that submit themselves to his power. Little Traitor that he is! You would say that there is nothing so charming when he lies sunning himself in the warm rayes of a wanton beauty; that there is nothing so sweet when he tempts you with a kiss, or with something of greater kindness; but if he once takes a fancy against you, with what torments and miseries does he overwhelm you, a thousand times more cruel than the pains of Hell; and then

it

it is that he is properly to be call'd Love without love. He makes a ſhew as if he would be familiar with you, that he invites you with two fair eyes which have nothing in them but fair promiſes; but if one try them, if one approach them, and if a man repoſe any confidence in them, you ſhall ſee with what poyſon they ſhall regale you. *Albirond* did not exactly make the ſame reflexions upon the *Sultaneſs*; for ſhe in truth had not dealt over rigorouſly with him, and Love had more reaſon to complain of him, than he had to complain of Love in this affair; which alſo he was ſo conſcious of, that he thought of nothing more but an occaſion wherein to pay his arrears; upon which as he was deeply meditating, another arrow came juſt in the nick to direct him. He preſently imagin'd that it brought another Ticket, as he found ſo ſoon as he had taken it up that it did, and which untying from the ſhaft, he there read theſe words.

WE have ſeen the ſign you gave us with your handkerchief, which has reſtored to us part of the joy we had loſt; but in truth the fright the miſcarri-

age of my Letter put us into, has so far poſſeſt us that to be totally at reſt, we muſt be aſſured that the Letter is in your hands, or that you are in very good hopes to be Maſter of it, to give us which ſatisfaction, you muſt make us another ſign with your handkerchief.

Albirond having read thus far without more delay, pull'd out his handkerchief; and wav'd it three or four times about his head, which being done, he went on with the Ticket which continued thus.

As to the reſt, we do not intend to acquit you for the ſlaves being here at work: on the contrary we are willing to believe, that if you are the brave Cavalier you appear to be, and that if the glory you have loſt, in ſo fair an occaſion, does, as it ought to do, prompt you to repair your honor; you will come in the evening and conceal your ſelf in the Garden, after which ſo ſoon as it ſhall be time (that is ſo ſoon as every one ſhall be a bed) we will give you opportunity in a fine night, to repair the impotency of a day for you, as full of dangers as of miſcarriage. You very well underſtand what I mean. Farewell, We ſhall expect you you know where.

These last lines, did not a little incite *Albirond*'s ardent desires, at the same time that they cover'd his face with shame and confusion at their just reproaches. He immediately accepted the challenge, for which he suffer'd so great a disquiet, that he would have been content to have died upon condition he had first perform'd the duty of an able man; only that which most troubled him in the business was *Don Pedro* (whom we shall hereafter call *Alphonso*, with whom he had a great mind to have a longer conference, and to send for him that very night; but an affair of Love commonly carries it above all others, and *Albirond* had been to be excus'd, though he had quitted one of greater importance, for an occasion wherein he was not only to satisfy his Love, but was moreover concern'd to vindicate his reputation.

Just as he was upon this deliberation, *Alphonso* very seasonably past by with the other Slaves, who were going to the Pallace to dinner; whom *Albirond* having caus'd to be called to him, and having taken him aside, acquainted him with the desire he had to have talkt

with

with him that evening had it not been for some business, that he could not possibly dispence withal, but he assur'd him that the next day he would send for him, when he would give him some account of his Mistris, and where they would together resolve upon something in order to his, and her liberty. He would at that time hold him no longer in talk, that he might give no suspicion to the Guards who were apt to make a great deal of cluttur about nothing, and to turn every whisper, and almost every look into suspicion. *Alphonso* then thus parted from him; and *Albirond* took the way towards the City, where all the afternoon he had made himself ready for the Triumph that was preparing for him at Night. He went to make the *Begelerbeg* a short visit, who was furiously importunate with him to stay supper, though he made shift to excuse himself, and to get away, by telling him in how ill an humor he was to drink. For the Ordinary of that Lord was a continual debauch, and no one was to sit down to his Table unless he was resolv'd before hand to drink to a very great height. This visit being over, his

next

next care was to take the order that was neceſſary at his lodging, that they might not wonder he lay from home, as it had ſome times hapned before upon other occaſions; all which being done, without ſuffering any one to go along with him, he went to the *Rendeſvous*, where by reaſon of the ſlaves being at work in the Garden, every one almoſt went in and out at pleaſure, without the Guards taking particular notice of any; an accident that very much favourd *Albirond*'s deſign, who would not that they ſhould have obſerv'd him to go twice thither in one day.

He came there pretty betimes, the better to make choice of his place, and was ſoon perceiv'd by *Iſabella*, who ſtood Centinel on the Top of the Tower. Immediately upon his comming he pickt out a remote corner to keep himſelf as much as he could from being ſeen; which it was no hard matter for him to do, for the Garden was ſpatious enough, wherein twenty might have conceald themſelves without fear of being diſcover'd. It is to be ſuppoſed that in two or three howers time, that the ſhades of night delayd totally to cover

ver the face of Heaven; he had leasure to create to himself very beautiful Images of his approching happiness, and to represent with infinite delight to his imagination those pleasures which he made no question but to take with a better gusto, and to make better use of, than he had done the time before.

The night being at last come, and the Guards of the pallace having gone the Round of the Garden? our passionate, and impatient Lover began a little to taste the sweet ayre of liberty. He went out of his shady prison, and immediately took the shortest cut to the *Seraglio*, and would not go so much as a step out of his way, for fear of loosing a moment of occasion, so soon as *Isabella* should be come to the window; and being come under the wall, he there stayd expecting her comming with a wonderful patience.

Ad ogni picciol Moto ch'egli udiva,
Sperando che fusse ella, il capo alzava
Sentir credeasi e spesso non sendiva
Poi del suo errore accorto sospirava.

The time ever seemes intollerably long

long, when one is in expectation of any thing, but especially in matters of love. The night was exceeding dark, that is to say, the most beautiful to *Albironds* eye that ever he had seen, and it seem'd in nothing to dislike him but only that *Isabella* a little to long delay'd her comming, and so long it seem'd to our impatient *Cavalier*, as at last rays'd a furious conflict in his Soul betwixt hope and fear; but a little noise, which he presently heard above at the window, immediately took up the quarrel. He thereupon gave a little *Hem*, to signify that he was there; when presently the Ladder was let down, which he had taken so much pains in making the time before. He lost no time, but mounted nimbly, and almost at one breath, up to the window, where *Isabella* stood waiting for him, who nevertheless was a little surpriz'd to see him so soon at the Top. She receiv'd him after a very obliging manner, in return whereof *Albirond* told her in her ear, that he had news of great importance to acquaint her with, but that it would require some time in the telling, and a place where no one could over-hear them. For the

place

place (replied *Isabella*) I think there can be none more convenient than the *Sultanes*'s chamber, and we shall certainly have some spare moments in all this whole night to confer together; for I have something also to tell you of a dream I have had this night; but let us go, for the *Sultaness* stayes expecting I should bring her an account of you, and she will be over-joy'd when she sees that you bring it your self. You will find her in bed, but not of sickness, unless Love be a disease. Prepare your self therefore for brave assaults, for you never beheld any thing so lovely as what you are now going to see in all your life. Upon this they came to the *Sultanes* her Chamber door, into which *Isabella* enter'd first alone, to receive her Mistris's orders, if she should introduce *Albirond*, who stood waiting her pleasure at the door; at which news the Fair one, as full of impatience, as of joy, start up, and was her self going to meet him,

Benche ne gonna, ne faldiglia haccesse:

had not *Albirond* (who was as impatient of delayes as she) stept in before he had leave

leave given him so to do. But how were the eys of this happy Lover then struck with the most beautiful object he had ever beheld! He has himself assur'd me that he was for some time so dazled, as if he had not seen at all. This fair Enchantress had adorn'd the bed wherein she lay with all the richest furniture she had; but there was nothing so fair as her self, though she was at this time stript of all other ornaments, but what were naturally her own; she had only a stript Satin Mantle, the ground whereof was Gold, with which she cover'd but the one half of her bosom, and almost all the rest of her body was to be seen through a smock, the transparent fineness whereof was very proper for the design she had to hide nothing of those parts wherein she conceiv'd lay the chiefest of her beauties. *Albirond* approach'd her, where putting one knee to ground, he took one of her fair hands which he kist above a thousand times: but the *Sultaness* (who worse than death fear'd a relapse of impotency, could not endure that this extasy of her Lover, who utter'd not one word, should so long continue) would break this amorous

morous silence, and also the Charms, that held him thus motionless at her Beds-feet; a posture that she did by no meanes like to see him in. Well *Albirond* (said she smiling) have you recovered your vigor since yesterday, and may we now expect to know what a man of ability you are. You should not *Madam* (replied her *Amoroso* with a languishing ayr) reproach me with a disgrace, of which you your self were alone the cause, for if it was not an effect of your Charms, I know not by whose enchantment I should be reduc'd to a condition I never found my self in before: but (added he with a pretty confident smile) I have to day taken an antidote, and if I am not mistaken in my own constitution, I find something in my self more of a man than I had yesterday; at which last words he had the courage to take off her mantle, which also she had only put on for ceremony, and that she parted withal without any manner of opposition: and there in this Pallace of Love, he gathered the Roses and the Lillies he had forgot the day before.

Her

Hor ſino 'a gli occhi ben nuota nel golfo
Delle delitie, é delle Coſe bella.

How ſweet thoſe ſorts of pleaſures are, is not here by me well to be expreſt and *Albirond* himſelf, though he had at this time more than one tongue in his mouth, would for all that have much ado to do it; they are delights ſo raviſhing, as are above all imagination, and ſuch as a man can only adviſe thoſe to taſte, who have a mind to know truly what they are. 'Tis a pleaſing kind of occupation, wherein a man cannot well ſay he is alive, foraſmuch as he is certainly all the while dying of joy and content: But this is moſt certain that never Conqueror ſince the firſt practiſe of arms, came more puft with glory for the greateſt victory he ever obtein'd, than *Albirond* came off from this amorous encouter; where nevertheleſs there was not much blood to be ſpilt: and ſo well ſatisfied he vvas with his own performance, that tranſported with joy of his gallant behaviour, he could not forbear asking the *Sultaneſs*, how ſhe lik'd the ſtate of his body, and if ſhe

was satisfied with his abilities. Go you ill conditioned thing (replied this fair one with the dying eyes) you only disappointed me the time before, to make me relish this the better now, and if you come again, I do verily believe I shall dye of delight. I will by no means (answered *Albirond*) be the occasion of your death; but I know very well, that if these kind of amorous enchantments kill, they also at the same time revive. At which word he took the charming Lady again in his arms to give her a proof of what he had said, and accordingly they both of them dyed a death, that very few people would refuse. This was done, and repeated more than once, I cannot say how oft, neither ought I to do it, that I may leave to every one the liberty of diverting himself in his own imagination according to his own humor and constitution, with all that there past betwixt them during some happy hours.

In the end the *Sultaness* by being very well rock'd, was fain into a gentle slumber, and *Albirond* who for some time had no mind to disturb her repose, and who also himself stood in need of some

some little cessation, took this opportunity to go to *Isabella* to tell her what he had promis'd. The fair Slave could not forbear laughing so soon as she saw him come, not knowing which way to frame her self to ask him, what she had a very great mind to know: but *Albirond* presently put her out of her pain by speaking first. Well *Isabella* (said he) shall I alwaies be reproach'd with impotency? I know not (replied the beautiful Slave who had not yet given over laughing) how well you may have behav'd your self to night; but I am certain there was once reason sufficient to reproach you with it. After this they both sate down close by one another, where *Albirond* told her all he knew concerning *Don Pedro*, which *Isabella* found so surprizing and thought so exceeding strange, that she had need of all the confidence she had in *Albirond's* worth and integrity to believe it. Her joy notwithstanding was infinitely great, and she was so much pleased with the news, that she made him three or four times over and over again give her a description of *Don Pedro's* person, to see if he was not deceiv'd, and still

found that he gave a perfect description of his face, his voice, his stature, his fashion and his manner of speaking, and to be short, the whole account was *Don Pedro* himself throughout; so that she was certain it must be he, and now panted for nothing but the happy hour, wherein she should be so blest as to see him. Let mine eyes but once more see thee (cried she above twenty and twenty times together) but one moment, and then let me dye, I shall be satisfied with my fate. *Albirond* then repeated to her at large all that had past concerning the Letter that *Don Pedro* had found in the conduit, with the Jealousy it had put him into, and the things it had made him say, at which poor *Isabella* tenderly wept. But after all, they were to think of the means to make them both happy, wherein *Albirond* saw no other way but only to try the power he had with the *Sultaness* to obtein her liberty without making any mention of *Don Pedro*; but that *Isabella* thought almost impossible, considering the intimacy and friendship establisht betwixt her Mistris and her, who she thought would never be perswaded to part with her, especi-

especially so long as *Albirond* should continue in the Country, and that he himself would have much ado to disengage himself from her if he did not do it by stealth, and without taking any formal leave. *Albirond* told her that he would further consider of it; but did in the mean time assure her, that he would evermore labor with all his interest and endeavor to contribute to their happiness with all the power he had: that he would talk with *Don Pedro* about it, and that they would conclude together once for all, upon what resolution they were to take.

After he had given her these assurances of his good inclination and readiness to serve her in what shouldlye within his power, he return'd towards the *Sultaness*, for fear least if she should happen to awake, she might be angry to see him in private with her Slave; for in that Country the Women are jealous upon the least possibility, and * *Isabella* was handsome enough to give occasion even to those who were not naturally so. He found her yet asleep, but so that a little noise would serve to wake her, and it was upon so charming

* *And yet I do believe she might trust him, as she had order'd the matter.*

a pretence, that she found no fault with being disturb'd. On the contrary she a little grumbled at him, that he would suffer her to sleep so long, telling him that that had not in it over-much of the Gallant. *Albirond* excus'd himself, by telling her, he thought she might have wanted rest; your self rather you mean (replied the *Sultaness* very roundly, and with a pretty smile) who could not have push't your courage much further without the relief of this little drowsiness of mine, which seiz'd me so opportunely for you. I do not see at this time (replied *Albirond*) that you have any great reason to complain of me, for——No (interrupting and taking him in her arms) I cannot complain said she, I rather fear to be oversatisfied, and least you should one day make me pay for the pleasure of this night with a thousand tears; but you ought to consider, that if you love me well, you ought to love me so long as you live, and never to separate your self from me. *Albirond* was about to reply, when *Isabella*'s voice, which they heard very suddain, and very loud did a little surprize them. They could neither of them both imagine

gine, what should make her shreek after that manner; *Albirond* presently ran, and hid himself behind the *Sultaness* bed, and she for the fear she was in durst not rise to go see what it might be; nevertheless *Albirond* hearing no more noise, took heart, and would venture out to *Isabella* to ask her what was the matter, but she prevented him by coming her self where she askt their pardon, telling them, that a Cat had almost frighted her out of her wits, and that it was nothing else. The *Sultaness* was not so well satisfied with this excuse; but that she chid her a little, telling her, that if she was so timerous, she would do a great deal better to stay in the Chamber with her, rather than to put her into such frights as were enough to kill her. The Slave excus'd her self the best she could, and so retir'd softly back again to her own Chamber.

Now the truth of the story was, that she had seen a man enter into her Chamber, which on the suddain (as well it might, where she expected no such thing) had so suspriz'd her, as had put her to the squeek, but that so soon as the first fright was over, she knew to be *Don*

Pedro. This Lover whom Jealousy had tormented without his being able to overcome it, seeing nothing in *Albironds* discourse that could presently satisfy him he was not in love with his Mistris, apprehended a furious Jealousy at what he had sayd to him in the Garden, that he would bring him newes, and that he had an affair he could not dispene withal, which hinder'd him that day from talking with him. Upon this he askt leave of his Master that he might have the liberty to go to *Albironds* lodging, telling him that he had commanded him to come to him; and accordingly having leave so to do, he went, and was as soon as he came there, told, that he could not see him that Night, by which his suspicion being infinitely more augmented, he doubted not but he was by appointment to pass away that very night in the arms of his faithless Mistris; and thereupon put on a resolution to dye, or to know the truth once for all. Thus resolv'd, he departed that very moment, and fortunately recover'd the Gate of the City from whence he made towards the Garden, to which nevertheless he durst not approch till it was dark

dark night. The hour being at last come, he walkt up and down a long time on this side, and on that, to see where he might best get over the wall; and at last found a kind of Breach, which nevertheless was very hard to climb, but with a little trouble being very active, he at last overcame the difficulty, and enter'd the Garden at the same time that *Albirond* had just mounted the window. He a thousand times searcht every Corner, Arbor and Bush of the Garden, as if he had been sure to find *Albirond* in some of those places with his ungrateful Mistriss, and in this diligent search of his he often past before the *Seraglio*, where he listned very attentively to try if he could hear nothing there. Behold here how Love made sport with a poor Lover, and how many ridiculous parts he made him play. At last he was aware of a Rope that hung down, and was fastned as he thought above to the wall: for the night was so dark, that it was no wonder if he took notice of it by meer chance only, and it must also be very near at hand, or otherwise he could not have seen it at all. This was the Ladder

der of Ropes, which the Slave had either perhaps forgot to pull up to her after *Albirond* was enter'd in at the window; or that possibly she had left there on purpose, that in case of suddain need it might be ready for him, to go down by, and to make his escape. However it was, *Don Pedro* presently guest to what end it hung there, and as soon made use of it to get up by, which though he did not perform so nimbly as *Albirond*, yet he did it well enough to get into the window, from whence with a trembling pace he crept directly to *Isabella*'s Chamber, for there was no other stairs nor other way to go, but only that. He found her laid upon her Bed half a sleep, and who wak'd not at the noise he made in entering into the Room, because in truth he made none at all, excepting that of some sighs that escap'd from him, when he was come so near as almost to kiss her, and that rousing her from her slumber made *Isabella* give that suddain skreek, who presently coming to her self, said softly to him, is it you *Don Pedro*, or do I yet dream, as I did to night before, that I was methought in your arms? To this *Don Pedro*

dro return'd her no answer, but embraced her much more amorously than before, when *Isabella* (who was afraid that the noise she had made might have frighted the *Sultaness*,) prayd him to forbear a little, fearing all would be spoil'd should she come to know what *Don Pedro* had done, and should see him with her, and so ran speedily to her Mistriss to set her heart at rest from the fear she might have put her into; which having done as you have heard, she return'd back to her Lover, whom she wholly satisfied, and swept his fancy clean from all the naughty impressions he had entertein'd of her Love and fidelity, which she had preserv'd inviolate to him, even after she concluded him to be dead. They then talkt, and consulted together a long time about the means they were to take to put themselves into liberty; but they saw no kind of possibility in it, unless *Albirend* could be won seriously and faithfully to assist them.

After two or three hours entertainment with her Lover, *Isabella* thought it necessary that he should first depart and wait for *Albirend* below in the Garden,

den, who also seeing the night far spent, told the *Sultaness* it was by no means either convenient or safe for him to stay till day, and therefore now took his leave of her with a promise to come again, and pass with her the night following after the same manner. Upon these conditions she gave him leave to go; but not untill she had first given him a thousand kisses, and presented him with several knacks of great value. *Isabella* went with him to the window, where she told him in his ear, that he would find *Don Pedro* below in the Garden? but that he must not wonder at it, for she would hereafter acquaint him with the occasion of his being there, and in the mean time begg'd he would pardon him, if not for his own sake, yet for hers, who was so much a servant of his. *Albirond* could not but very much wonder at this news, and did so little understand the meaning of it, that he would not have gone down, till first *Isabella* had given him greater light into the business, if she had not again assur'd him that *Don Pedro* would tell him more, and that it would be too long a story for her to tell him then. *Albirond* upon this

this went down, and was no sooner come to ground, but he was accosted by *Don Pedro*, who with a Congee down to the ground askt his pardon for the effects of a cruel jealosy, which he told him he would rather pitty than be offended withal if he had himself ever been passionately in love. *Albirond* caught him in his arms, and after having return'd him some Complements in exchange of freindship, heard him relate the whole story of this adventure, in so passionate terms, as himself was sensibly toucht with the sence of his sufferings. All the danger that he found in it was, what they would think at the *Fondon* (which is the prison for the slaves at Tunis) when they should miss *Alphonso* at the shutting of them in, and the danger wherein he had engag'd himself in going out of the City at the hour that he adventur'd to do it, and without leave. Notwithstanding fortune (that sometimes favours Lovers) had so well dispos'd all things in his favour, that the master of the slaves, having been at *Albirond*'s lodging to enquire for *Alphonso*, was there told, that in truth he had been there to ask for *Albirond*,

and

and was doubtless gone a long with him; an answer wherewith the *Turk* rested so well satisfied, that he made no further enquiry after him, nor penetrated no further into that affair. In the mean time *Albirond* who saw it was no good staying for him in the Garden with *Alphonso*, (or *Don pedro* whether you please) and that it was fit for them to shift thence before the day should break, demanded of him which way he should get in; whereupon *Don pedro* leading him to the place, they both of them got over to the other side of the wall, and took into the wood, where they past away the short remainder of the Night. So soon as it was broad day they return'd to the Garden, where *Albirond* calling to him one of the Soldiers of the Guard, he bad him conduct *Alphonso* to the work, and in his name to excuse him to his Master, he having for that night employ'd him in some affairs of his. This being done, he took up his way directly to the City, where being come he went to take a little rest upon his Bed, which without question he stood in very great need of, for the exercise he had been at, had been some-

thing

thing violent, and moreover he was to make himself ready the night following to return to the assault.

In all the long consultation he had had with *Don pedro* they could not resolve after what manner they were to proceed, to Deliver *Isabella* out of captivity; for *Don pedro* was of opinion that they must steal her away, and carry her out of the window, without so much as at all acquainting the *Sultaness* with the design; but *Albirond* could not consent to play so unhandsome a part to the prejudice of a person that he lov'd and by whom he was passionately belov'd again, saying moreover, that it would bee a most vile ingratitude in him, could he have the heart to run away from her without taking his leave, after so many favours receiv'd, and that it was much better to proceed by fair and handsome wayes, which if they should not take effect, it would still be time enough to proceed to extreamities, after all other more moderate wayes had faild. After this manner did *Albirond* argue the business, but *Don pedro* could by no means relish this course, and could hope for no good issue from

this

this way of proceeding, fearing to loose all by endeavoring to save all, as he had often seen it fall out in such affairs. After what manner soever *Isabella* was deliver'd, provided she was at liberty, it was all one to him; nevertheless it vext him, that he should be come from *Corsica* (to which shoar he had escapt by swimming) on purpose to this place; that he had caus'd himself to be sold to the *Beglerbeg* by a Tagarin (which is a sort of Religion amongst the *Mahometans*) and that after all this, when he was upon the point to execute so brave an enterprise, he must hazard the spoiling all for little niceties of honor which he conceiv'd they were not oblig'd so religiously to observe with people of so naughty a Religion. *Don pedro* argued like an interested Lover, and *Albirond* like a well principled man, and a Cavalier of honor, who would at once both serve his friend, and observe the decorum of honorable proceeding.

Hee did nothing all that day but sleep, and in that one took enough for two, or three to come. The hour was now come, that he was to go to the Garden, he would else be to late. He went thither

thither then, and ſo ſoon as ever the night was ſhut-in, *Iſabella* made a little noiſe at the window, and underſtanding by a Counterſign that *Albirond* was there ready, ſhe let the Ladder down to him, which ſhe afterwards pull'd in again, for fear leaſt ſome other might do as *Don Pedro* had done the night before. So ſoon as ever *Albirond* was enter'd in, he would without any more ceremony have run with his ordinary impatience to the *Sultaneſs* Chamber; but the Slave adviſ'd him to have a little patience, and to go leiſurely to work, for that the *Sultaneſs* ſhe ſaid was aſleep. During this little delay they had leiſure to confer together in the outer room, where *Albirond* gave her an account of all that had been debated, betwixt *Don Pedro* and him concerning her deliverance from captivity; but that he was by no means of opinion ſhe ſhould depart without the *Sultaneſs* her leave and conſent; or at leaſt without having firſt taſted her inclination as to that particular, and as for his part he muſt needs confeſs, he could not find in his heart to ſeparate himſelf from her after ſo treacherous a

manner, as not to bid her farewel. You are then far enough (replied *Isabella*) from departing this Country. Not so far neither (replied *Albirond*) for when the *French* vessel (which by the favor of the *Beglerbeg* I have caus'd the Pirates to restore, as not fair prize, since the treaty of peace) shall be made ready to put to Sea, I will embark my self in her; and I think they are in so good forwardness, that in two dayes they will only stay for me. You are not so near going away as you think, I do assure you (replied the Slave) or at least the *Sultaness* suspects no such matter; for that you may know all, as I was but even now talking with her about you, and that she was according to her passion, multiplying the pleasures she had in having so captivated your heart, she said, that for her love you were capable of undertaking all things, since you had so often despis'd your own life to come unto her. I then inquisitively demanded of her, if she thought those pleasures were likely to continue, and whether besides the danger there was of your being surpriz'd at one time or another, she did not fear in the end

to

to see herself reduc'd to a necessity of parting with you for ever. To which she made answer, that as to the matter of surprizes, she would proceed with so great care and discretion, that she hop'd that would never come to pass; and that as to the rest she could not believe that so long as she had your heart, which she made no doubt but to keep, you could ever have the power to leave her. That as to this particular, she had set down a resolution to pass with you the remainder of her dayes. That the *Beglerbeg* could not live always, and when he should dye, that she should have power enough over you to make you change your Religon, and to marry her. All these things that *Isabella* told him, put *Albirond* into a little Quandary; but nevertheless he did not much concern himself at it, and it did by no means make him alter his opinion, that he ought not to be ingrateful to the extream affection this beautiful person had for him.

Just as they were upon this point, the *Sultaness* call'd *Isabella*, who immediately ran in to her to receive her commands, and to let her know that *Albi-*

rond was just come, who also enter'd with her, where he found his Mistriss with a rosy complexion which she had got with some hours of repose, and that presented her to the eyes of her Lover much fairer than ever he had seen her before, at least he fancied her to be so, and drawing nearer began to complement her upon that subject, telling her, that sleep had given her a new luster. If I owe any thing to sleep (replied the beautiful *Sultaness* taking him by the hand) it is for the pleasant dreams it has made me to dream, in the little time I have been sleeping, for methought that you and I were together in a rich and stately Pallace, where we walkt at liberty without fear of spies, and of which methought you were the Master: Would to Heaven *Albirond* that this Dream might prove true, as for my part I do not think it impossible but it may; but what think you? I have no great faith in Dreams *Madam* (replyed *Albirond* with a most profound sigh) but if I were to wish for any thing upon earth, that should be it, which to my great misfortune I know to be infinitely above my hopes. Let

me

me once more tell you *Albirond* (ſaid ſhe) that there is no impoſſibility in it, and if you love me as you ſhoud do, you ought to hope it will come to paſs, as well as I. *Albirond* who by what *Iſabella* had told him before, ſaw very well what the *Sultaneſs* was aiming at in this diſcourſe, was put to a little *non-plus*, however he would not let her go without an anſwer. If I love you! *Madam* (ſaid he) it does a little ſurprize me that you ſhould ſo much as doubt it, at the ſame time when you ſee me run into the jaws of death only for your love: but you muſt pardon me if I do not underſtand what reaſon you can have to call for a teſtimony of my paſſion upon the vain hopes of a Dream, wherein I ſee no appearance; nor ſo much as ſimilitude of truth. I can eaſily mend that matter (replied the *Sultaneſs*) for I have treaſure enough both for you and me, and ſince Heaven has ſo united our hearts, it may alſo one day unite our Souls by a ſtronger tye, ſo that there may be no difference betwixt us, and I may live with you with the ſame freedom that I now do with the *Beglerbeg* my Husband. If therefore it be true

that you love me above your life, you ought to send up your vows to Heaven, that it may place you in that condition, and not to destroy your own fortune by despair; for I shall no longer live content, than I can hope it will be so. I here see my fair *Sultaness* (said *Albirond*) that the passion you have for me is extream, since it eclipses your judgement in my favor: for though my fortune should be such as to advance me to that degree of honor you are pleased to speak off, do you not consider (*Madam*) that you and I are of different Religion, and that such marriages are not here allow'd after my way? When there shall be no more but the point of Religion in the case (replyed the *Sultaness*) there will not be much difficulty left to overcome. What! would you make such a scruple to change your Religion for me? This proposition did not so much surprize *Albirond*, by reason he was prepar'd for it before; but nevertheless he found himself very much mov'd at the roundness of the question, which made him say to the *Sultaness* a little more gravely than before. Do you believe *Madam* (said he) that I am a man to renounce

nounce my Religion for any worldly conſideration whatever? Have you ſo mean an opinion of your ſervant? Ah (*Madam*) aſſure your ſelf I might well falſifie my Faith even to you, if I could fail in it to the God that I adore---Well (ſaid the *Sultaneſs* interrupting him coldly) you ſhall not falſify your Faith, you have done too much for me already, and the firſt fair Wind you will return home to your own Country, without once conſidering that you leave me here all alone abandoned to all the torments and miſeries, that a tender heart can ſuffer in the loſs of the perſon it moſt dearly loves, and that I ſhall never more behold ſo long as I live. Which ſo ſoon as ſhe had ſayd, ſhe drew out her handkerchief to hide an infinity of tears that trickled from her fair eyes, and which ſhe was not unwilling *Albirond* ſhould take notice of, as knowing very well that there are few things, which the tears of a beautiful perſon, and eſpecially of a perſon that one loves have not power to perſwade. And indeed theſe pretious drops did accordingly ſomething ſtagger the reſolution of our *Cavalier*, but not to that degree as to o-

vercome him; for the first motions of pitty being a little over, his Religion immediately after got the upper hand, Mauger the power of Love, of all other considerations, and which was more of his own violent affection. He did the best he could to refrain from such testimonies of weakness, and to try to consolate this charming sad one with something of solid sence. We ought to have assur'd our selves (my dear *Sultaness* said he) from the beginning of our engagement, that we could not continue together all our lives, that our fortunes were such as would one day oblige us to separate, if but to avoid so cruel a parting as that of Death. I will defer my departure so long as possibly I can, and if four, five or six dayes are not enough, I will make them ten or twelve, wherein to assure you a thousand times, that in what part of the world soever I shall be I shall eternally burn for you with the same ardor, that I at this instant do, and that I will never——Ah cruel! (said she interrupting him, and weeping with greater violence than before) thou wilt then go, and thou hast the heart to tell me so. Traitor, thou lov'st me not, and

am the most miserable Woman in the World, in that I cannot wean my heart from thy ingrateful Love. Alas, what offence had I committed against Heaven the first day I saw thy face, and why didst thou come into this Country, if not to my ruine? But my dear *Sultaness* (replyed *Albirond*) what would you have me do? No, no (said she) depart so soon as thou wilt; but know that it shall not be without me, and that I will follow thee where-ever thou goest like thy shadow, and even into Hell if there can be any thing there more cruel than thy unkindness, and the torments that unkindness makes me feel. Speak, wilt thou refuse me? *Albirond* was more interdict than ever to see this desparate resolution of hers, he already repented him, that he had not taken *Don Pedro*'s and *Isabella*'s counsil, and he had such a perplexity in his soul, as begot an incredible disorder in his passions, which sided with his heart against his Reason. At last the more honest and the more generous consideration carrying it above his own particular interest. You have overcome *Madam* (said he) I can no longer resist, I am yours. How (said she clearing up a

 little)

little) thou conſenteſt that I ſhall go with thee, and that I ſhall have the ſatisfaction to be no more ſeparated from thee, whereever thou goeſt? Not ſo my fair *Sultaneſs* (replied *Albirond* again) but that I will ſtay here with you, which I ſwear to you I will do, but upon this condition nevertheleſs, that you will no more tempt me in point of Religion; for there is no kind of death that I will not rather chooſe, than to alter that. Alaſs (ſaid the *Sultaneſs* again) I do not ask ſo much of thee, purſue thy former deſigns; but for pitty ſake permit that I bear thee company, deny me not this grace (my dear *Albirond*) for that Deities ſake thou doſt ſo much adore; I will take enough with me to make thy fortune, and *Iſabella* ſhall alſo go along with us.

The fair Slave who from the time her Miſtriſs had begun to weep was return'd into the Chamber, vvas raviſht with joy to hear her talk after this manner, and to ſee her reſolv'd to this courſe, vvhich finding ſo much to her owo advantage, ſhe joyn'd with her againſt *Albirond* to perſwade him to conſent it ſhould be ſo; for more than one half of the concern vvas her own pro-

per

perintereſt; but *Albirond* was not ſo eaſily to be overcome. In the name of goodneſs (ſaid he to them ſeeing himſelf thus aſſaulted on either ſide) imagine your ſelves in my place, and conſider what a buſineſs it would be in me, after ſo many obligations as I have to the *Beglerbeg*, after the friendſhip he has ſhewn me, and the favour I have dayly receiv'd at his hands, ſhould I in return of all his kindneſs run away with his wife. What would become of my honor, what a Cloud would overcaſt my glory after ſo black an action? Is not what I have already done enough, or rather what Love hath made me do, in betraying his friend-ſhip and abuſing his bed, but after having rob'd him of ſome part of his treaſure, I muſt deprive him of the whole ſtock! (ſayd he ſtraining his voice with greater vehemency) I cannot be infamous to that degree. Thou wilt be then my death, barbarous Frenchman (ſayd the *Sultaneſs* with a reſolute ayr) and I muſt ſatisfie thee before thou goeſt from the place; at which ſhe ſtart up on a ſuddain, and ran to a poyguard that hung at the Beds head, which as ſuddainly ſnatching out, before *Iſabella*

who

who was meeting in tears could prevent her, and setting the point to her breast, speak, speak (continued she) choose which thou dost better like, or that I follow thee, or Death; for my soul at least thou canst not hinder from following thee. The glittering of the steel, and the resolute action wherewith the *Sultaness* spoke these words quite disarm'd *Albirond* of his resolution, who was in such a condition with the surprize, that he was ready to fall down in a swoond at his Mistrisse feet. Ah Madam (sayd he in a languished tone) you know very well how to make use of the power Love has given you over mee, to overcome the little vertue I had left. I see I must sacrifice the remainder to you, and treading under foot all the dayes of my life, permit you to follow the fortune of a man, who was never so unhappy as now that good fortune seems the most to favour and exalt him. Become security to me for your self (sayd the *Sultaness* delivering the poygnard to *Isabella*) that you will never forsake me, and I fear not your Fortune, let it be as dangerous as it can; I shall carry that along with me, wherewith to sweeten that where-

whereof you ſo much complain. For my part (ſayd *Albirond* to her again, ſince nothing of all that I have been able to ſay, has had the power to divert you from your reſolution, I here ſwear to you a fidelity ſuch a one as never was, nor ever ſhall be equall'd by any, and a love that nothing but Death ſhall ever have the power to deſtroy.

After this they fell to talking of ſomething elſe, and to examining the ſpeedieſt, and moſt ſecure means, by which they might make an enterprize of this importance to ſucceed. *Albirond* had already a veſſel prepar'd for the purpoſe, which was as good as his own; for it was he that redeem'd all the *Mariners* from the Oare, and who had ecquipt her with all things neceſſary at his own charge. Nothing then remaind but how to contrive to help the *Sultaneſs*, and *Iſabella* down from that high window; *Albirond*'s Ladder of Ropes was not ſufficient for women, who are not always ſo active as men, but this was ſoon thought on. *Albirond*, and *Iſabella* were of opinion to make no mention as yet of *Don pedro*, and the *Sultaneſs* who had eaten nothing of all day, had a

mind

mind to take a little repaſt after ſo generous a reſolution, of which they already by way of advance taſted the delights. To which purpoſe *Iſabella* preſently went, and fetcht ſome ſweetneſs, and ſome Wine for *Albirond* who bore his Miſtriſs company at this little Collation:

E Poi che di confetti & di buon vino
Di nuovo fatti pur debiti inviti
Entrarono ne profumati lini.

Or if you will that I explain my ſelf better, after theſe two Lovers had eaten ſweet-meats their fill, and drunk to one another more than once, they were willing to taſte ſomething more ſweet, in thoſe raviſhing pleaſures to drown the trouble they had put one another into. Sweet-meats are no ill diet for this purpoſe, nay I have heard it ſaid, that one has more pleaſure in kiſſing a mouth after it has had another ſweet added to its own natural ſweetneſs. *Albirond* did his buſineſs very well for a man of his ſincere vertue, and the *Sultaneſs* in this ardor of hers would have dryed up many more tears than ſhe had ſhed; ſhe often reproach'd him in the middle of this amorous conflict, that he did not love her,

her, since he dar'd to think of leaving her, and that he had made so many difficulties of taking her along with him, and *Albirond* still excus'd himself with his former reasons, which he said had been but too rational and convincing, had he not been in Love. I, but does it become love (said she) to be so rational, as to seek for reasons to abandon all? Ah you vext me to the heart (continued she) when you went about to perswade me to it.

The nights are very short in these occasions, and time insensibly steals away, which *Albirond* was nevertheless aware of; and for fear the day should surprize him in that place, he took his leave of the *Sultaness* to go take order for all things, and to take his measures so right, that when they should once be upon the execution of their design, nothing might be wanting that might endanger all the rest. *Isabella* often desir'd him to remember that diligence was the parent of success, that the sooner they put their enterprize in act, it was the more likely to succeed, and that delays are alwaies fatal in dangerous designs.

He

He slept not of all that day, but was perpetually running up and down from place to place in order to his business. He first went, and talkt with the Pilot of his ship, who promis'd him the next day to be ready to depart; whereupon he accordingly order'd the rest of his affairs, as they ought to be. He caus'd good store of all sorts of provision necessary for the voyage to be carried aboard; he took leave of all his friends, and particularly of the *Beglerbeg*, who made him stay dinner. In earnest I have often wonder'd at *Albirond*'s confidence, who durst any more eat with a man after he had put on a resolution to betray him: for this *Cavalier* wanted no honesty, but all things are to be pardon'd in Love; who has power to make men do any thing of what kind soever. In the evening he went to the Garden, where he talkt two hours together with *Don pedro*, who was ravisht with joy at the good newes, and with whom after he had concluded of what they were to do, he sent him again to his work amongst the other Slaves; and crept into the old place where he had conceald himself the times before, till the approaching night should

call

call him out to his business. Soon after the time came that he was to steal out of his hole, which he accordingly did, and went to the *Seraglio*, where *Isabella* was already waiting for him at the window, for she now began to be more impatient of seeing him than before, and died of longing to hear what news, and how their affairs went on. The sign was immediately given on both sides, the Ladder immediately let down, and *Albirond* quickly at the top, where he compleated the joy of these two fair Lovers, by telling them at the very first dash, that all was ready, and that therefore they had no more to do but to prepare themselves against the following night, when he would come with two horses to fetch them, and to carry them to the Port. It is not to be expresst how infinitely overjoy'd they were at this good tydings, what caresses they gave him, and how extraordinary kind they were to him, especially *Isabella* who was ready to leap out of her skin for joy: and in earnest it is true, that people escape very willingly out of servitude to go meet a Lover, which although it be but to quit one slavery for another,

yet the fetters of the laſt are as eaſy, and pleaſant to every one, as the other are rude and intollerable. There was then that night great joy and junketting in the *Sultaneſs* Chamber; but one often reliſhes joy with a very great Guſto, of which they ſoon after repent, and miſhaps fall heavier, when they have firſt appear'd in the livery of good fortune. *Albirond* paſt away the remainder of the night with his Miſtriſs, where you may be certain he was not altogether idle, and an hour before day departed to give the laſt blow to their deſign.

How heavy do theſe kind of enterprizes lye upon the conſcience of an honeſt man, who has never been accuſtomed to do any thing without firſt weighing the action in the ballance of juſtice and honor! All the remaining part of that day his ſoul was oppreſt with melancholly, and with ſo great a number of untoward preſages, that death would at that time have been a welcome remedy; but he was gone too far to retreat. The *Beglerbeg* was this day gone a hunting, and the Slaves had no more work to do in the Garden, and he had *Don Pedro* in his own power, whom

he had sent for to that purpose: in fine all things seem'd to favor his enterprize, and yet his heart could not be at rest; he had strange boardings in his Soul, and his conscience already reproacht him with his treachery to the *Beglerbeg* his friend. But a man must go through with what he has once begun, and necessity must silence all these secret murmurings of honesty and reason. He sent for a final Order to give notice to the Pilot to be ready to set sayl that very night, and that he should send out the long Boat to wait at the place he knew of; so that there now remain'd no more to be done, but only to get their two fair Mistriſſes out of the *Seraglio*, which also had been a matter of no great difficulty, had they been as much in fee with Fortune, as they were with Love.

Albinoni had four very fine Horses that he had bought, and which he kept without the City, whither he went with *Alphonso* to see and to put them into a condition for present service; which having accordingly done, he sent his people before to attend him at the Port, where making show as if he follow'd after, he turn'd off by degrees, and made

towards the *Seraglio*; where just as the night was shut-in, he arriv'd. He made *Don Pedro* with two empty Horses to stay in a wood there was about two hundred paces distant from the Garden where he himself alighted, and went to climb the wall, to which purpose he had the day before provided a Ladder of wood wherewith to serve the Ladies. *Isabella* was at watch, and had been above an hour taking the ayr at the Window, where she fancied every leaf that fell to be *Albirond*, at the last he came, where she let down the rope, by which he was to get up, and which also was to assist them in going down. There was no talk of ceremony or caresses, all things had been ready in the *Seraglio* from break of day in the morning, and the *Sultaness* had no mind to carry any great lumber with her, for fear of being encumber'd with it by the way. That which she had of greatest value lay in little room, and was portable enough, though it contain'd sufficient to purchase a little Kingdom, and that she would entrust with none but *Albirond*. *Isabella* then immediately ran, and fetch'd some sheets fast tied together, a mattress

of *Albirond*'s invention to help them down with greater eaſe to their tender hands, and it prov'd uſeful and ſtrong enough, theſe being Women that were pretty and light. They again mounted and deſcended the wall of the Garden with the ſame facility, and ſo came all ſafe to the place where *Don Pedro* was, who immediately threw himſelf off his horſe to embrace his dear Miſtriſs, and to hold her the † Stir-up to get up. *Albirond* did the ſame for the *Sultaneſs*, when being all ſeated, and ready to ſet forward, they all ſtarted together, and gallop'd away after ſo ſpritely and joyful a manner, that they ſeem'd to fly. Neither indeed had they any time to looſe, for it was above three long leagues from the Garden to the port of the Gullet to which place they were to go, and were alſo there to arrive ſome hours before day, both for fear of being diſcovered by the Block-houſe, as alſo that they might ſet ſayl before the ſearch which the *Turks* are accuſtomed to make in all *Chriſtian* Veſſels that are going out of the Harbor. But to what ſerve ſo many precautions when one has not fortune on

† *By which you may note that the Ladies rode a-ſtride.*

nes side! we are apt to ſtumble at a ſtraw, and 'tis to much purpoſe to diſpoſe all things to hook her in, when by a ſtrange Capricio, ſhe will in a moment overthrow and deſtroy all that has with a thouſand cares and cautions been many dayes preparing.

This amorous Troop had not rid above a quarter of an hour, but that for all the noiſe their own Horſes made in galloping with the ſpeed they did, they heard another a greater, and which raiſed a great deal more duſt. Whereupon *Albirond* gave the word to make a little halt, to hearken from whence it ſhould come, and what the noiſe ſhould be; but it was not hard for him, or any of the Company to gueſs, and a little with the lateſt, that they were Horſes, and a great many Horſes too, for they were hard at hand, and coming as they perceiv'd by the voices, and the trampling of the horſes the very ſame way, and upon the ſame rode that they were going. *Albirond* made no doubt but it was the *Beglerbeg*, and though it had been ſaid that he was not to return from hunting of three or four dayes, nevertheleſs he could not imagine that any

ny other than he should come that way and so well accompanied. They were here to take a speedy resolution, and his opinion was that the safest way would be to slip into the wood to let them pass by; but the further they went that way, the more they heard the Horses coming upon them, for it was on that side that they had hunted, and that in truth the *Beglerbeg* was returning home. They then began to think of turning quite back again, which they had done better to have thought on at the first, by reason that the habits of the two fair Ladies, especially that of the *Sultaness*, so sparkled in despite of the nights obscurity, as by their lustre attracted the *Beglerbegs* Cavaliers, who spurr'd after them full speed. *Albirond* seeing no more remedy for their disaster, and that the match was too unequal to be able to resist so great a number, as that of those who pursued them; he told the Company in short, that there was no more hope, and that every one was to shift for themselves, that whoever could escape the present danger, should find a shallop within two hundred paces of the Gullet that wai-

ted to carry them aboard the Ship; where if it ſhould be his hap the firſt to arrive he would not ſtir from thence till the laſt neceſſity. He ſaid no more but ſpur'd away with much greater ſpeed than before, all the way encouraging the *Sultaneſs*, to whom he kept as cloſe as poſſible he could. *Don Pedro* and *Iſabella* in a moment were vaniſht out of ſight, and in the end they were all ſo ſquander'd in the thick of the wood, that they met no more, till they met in another place.

Albirond who was acquainted with almoſt all the windings of the wood as having often been a hunting there, ſoon found the way out, and after was not long before he arriv'd at the water ſide. He found the long-boat at the appointed place which there waited for him, but would not ſtep into it, till it ſhould be day to ſee if he could heare any newes of the reſt. He ſent out two, or three of the Mariners to ſee if they could ſpy any one comming, but in vain, for they brought him back no news at all; but not long after came firſt *Iſabella* full ſpeed, and within a quarter of an hour after *Don Pedro* running on foot:

Iſabella

Isabella with her face all scratcht, and her Cloaths torn with the wood and *Don Pedro* all bloody with two great cuts in his head, and a pistol shot quite through his left arme: who seeing no one pursue them fell to enquiring of *Albirond* for the *Sultaness*; and what was become of her. I know not (sayd he weeping) alas to my eternal shame, I know not what is become of that beautiful person, but I very well know my self to be the most wretched of men. Oh Heavens (continued he) what offence have I committed against you, that you should at once pour all your vengeance upon me? What fault have I committed that Love did not compell me to? Why did you give me eyes to see, understanding to distinguish, and a heart to love, if for adoring the most adorable creature in the world I must be thus severely punisht? Or why did not all your indignation fall upon my accursed head, who was the cause of all, but that the sweetest, the truest, and the best Mistris that ever man had must perish for my sake, whilst I survive like a Coward, a Traytor, and a Beast, to run away from the Destiny, that she too Certain has already

undergone, or must immediately undergo, for the vilest, and the basest Villane upon Earth. Oh Heavens——and with that he sunck down to the ground in a swoon, without any signs of life. *Don pedro* and *Isabella*, who were upon thorns to be gone, were very much troubled at this disaster: but *Albirond* presently coming to himself, they fell to comforting him, perswading him to hope for better things, or at least to preserve himself and them by hasting speedily away, since there was no other course now to be taken. They represented to him the danger of staying any longer there, which would infallibly be the ruine of them all, if he did not presently take hold of the oportunity fortune now offer'd him of making his escape. To which *Isabella* added that without all doubt the *Sultaness* was well, it being unlikely that any one should dare to offer any violence to her, since even when she had been surrounded with them in the heat of their pursuit, and moreover provokt by some wounds *Don pedro* had dealt among them, they had yet forborn to hurt her out of respect to her Sex: that the *Sultaness*, she believ'd, was certainly

taken

taken, which she was infinitely sorry for; but that it could not be remedied, and she only lamented her for the sorrow she would sustain in being separated from him whom she lov'd above the world; for as to the rest, the *Beglerbeg* was so passionately fond of her, that in a little time all would be forgiven, and she would be in the same condition that before. But *Albirond* more afflicted with these consolations, in which besides that he saw no apparence of her safety, he was however confirmed that she was for ever lost to him, and either of those thoughts were sufficient to precipitate him into despair. No, no (sayd he) she is lost, for ever lost, and if alive more unhappy than if she were dead; and I, accursed I, am cause of all. Go make use of the oportunity you have to escape, and may you be happy in your Loves: but for me, who have violated the Laws of hospitality, the gratitude of a man, and the common faith of men, and therein lost my Love, my honor, and the peace of my whole life, I will here remain, and sacrifice a wretched life to her memory, who has already sacrific'd hers to my unhappy love. Go then, and prosper, and

leave

leave me to my Fate, and all the friendship I begg at your hands, is, that you will no more remember there was ever so unfortunate a person as *Albirond*, which is the greatest favour you can do me, and the only dying request I have to make. *Don Pedro* was a little startled at this resolution of his; as he saw it would be absolutely ruinous to them all: yet could he not in his own judgment but approve his generosity; and allow him to have all the reason in the world to do as he did, seeing that in such a case a man of honor ought not to out-live his Mistriss: he could however have wisht his venture had been single, not altogether upon his own account, but out of the tender regard he had to *Isabella*, whose affection would make her as great a looser as any of the rest, and who he thought could never survive it. However his love gave place to honor upon this occasion, and his noble heart disdaining to abandon a *Cavalier* embark'd with him in the same design, and by whose means alone they had thus far succeeded in their enterprize, at the

last

last gasp of his fortune; he return'd him this answer. *Albirond*, I am sorry for your own sake to see you thus desperately resolv'd; but assure your self I am not a man to forsake you in this, last of extreams; but will share with you in life and death; and turning to *Isabella*, My dearest Soul (sayd he) I must now take my leave of you for ever: Honor, and my Destiny will have it so: we have done enough (if it be done) in preserving you, and I have no great reason to complain of Fortune, since we save the best of our venture; My death will doubtless reconcile you to your Father, and the news you will carry him thereof will seal your own pardon. I could have been glad to have liv'd with you a long, and I know it would have born a happy life; but since I cannot live with honor, after having basely abandoned my friend in his last necessity, I should afterwards be so unfit for you, that it would not become you to love me; but now that I dye like a man of honor you may love my memory, which I hope you will, and even remember ——— No,

no

no (said *Isabella* interrupting him, and weeping, as good reason she had) *Don Pedro* I will never outlive you, and since you have the heart to leave me, for whom, you made me believe, at least, you only liv'd, to dye out of Complement only to a desperate *Cavalier*, my resolution shall be as great as your generosity, and I dare dye with you, although you will not live with me. To this point were they come every one of them, considering what they had next to say, when on a suddain they heard a noise of Horses, which thundring amain towards the place where they were, made them conclude that the pursuers were at hand, and consequently to prepare for their defence.

Albirond besides his sword, had a case of pistols which he had secretly carried under his Cassock for the worst of adventures, and in case of any oppositions, which though where ever he should happen to meet it whilst he was on shoar, he knew would be fatal to him: Yet that he might dy like a brave Cavalier, and carry some of his ene-

mies

miss a long with him, he had discreetly made that provision. *Don pedro* had a sword only, which *Albirond* had likewise furnisht him withal, and now delivering one of his pistols to him; Let us dye *Don Pedro*, sayd he, let us dye bravely, and sell our lives to these *Barbarians* so dear, that they may be ashamed of the purchase, which having said they were mounted in a trice, *Don Pedro* upon *Isabella's* Horse, and *Albirond* upon his own, and stayed expecting the approach of the Enemy, which by this time were come so near, that they discover'd the formost to be the fair *Sultaness* with five or six *Turkish Cavaliers* pursuing at her heels; she was quickly with, and as soon past them, but the pursuers being four or five Horse-length behind, our two *Cavaliers* had time to interpose, and so that at the very first encounter the two formost, with the two pistol-shot were layd dead upon the ground. By this the match seem'd to be pretty equal, two more only appearing near at hand and a third spurring at pretty distance; but a fourth also immediately appearing

ring in the heels of the other, they thought it was time to make haste with these, that they might not have the disadvantage of having them all four upon them at once: they advanc'd therefore to meet them, which as they were doing, *Albirond* at a little distance receiv'd one of their Javelins in his thigh, which though it took but about two fingers thickness of the flesh, yet piercing quite through, nail'd him as it were fast to his saddle: the other fail'd of its effect upon *Don Pedro*, and only wounded his Horse; so that they still went on to make good the charge, where being joyn'd horse-head to head the fell to the sword, and a while disputed it with equal bravery. *Don Pedro* had forgot his wounds, and *Albirond* had no leisure to take notice of his, so that fresh and full of vigor they assaulted their adversaries, notwithstanding the disadvantage of wounds, and loss of blood, with so resolute a courage, as sufficiently denoted, they would overcome, or dye. In this posture was the combat when the two last came up to the place, who seeing *Don Pedro* all bloody, and the Javaline stick-

ing in

king in *Albironds* thigh, and at the ſame time the two Ladies who were now got together, and ſtanding by at the diſtance of ſome few paces, they either thought their Comrades ſo ſecure of the victory, or elſe had themſelves ſo much a greater liking to the prey, that they paſt by the Combatants, and went to ſeize upon the *Sultaneſs* and *Iſabella*, who it is to be preſum'd were likely to make very little reſiſtance, and muſt have been their immediate prey, had not the *Mariners* played the Men, as well as the two *Cavaliers*, who ſeeing the caſe alike deſperate for them all, betook them to their Oars, and ſuch other weapons as they had at hand, and therewith ſo belabour'd the two *Turks* that they ſooon laid them dead at their feet.

In the mean time the *Monſieur*, and the *Don* had ſo handled their adverſaries, having vvounded them in ſeveral places, without having receiv'd any other damage from them, than vvhat you have already heard, that they now evidently ſaw they had the advantage of the Combat, and had there been no more enemies to be

fear'd, ſhould have accounted it a certain Game: but remembring that in the condition they then were, to be long in overcoming was in effect to be overcome; and expecting every moment when more of the purſuers ſhould come up, to deprive them at once of their victory, and of their lives, and which was dearer to them than all, of their deareſt Miſtriſſes, they fought with unimaginable ardor to put an end to the diſpute, which laſted but too long for their common ſafety. And it was not long before *Albirond*'s adverſary gave him a notable oportunity to do his buſineſs; for the *Turk* thinking at every blow to cleave him in two, made a furious blow at his head, which *Albirond* made ſo good ſhift to avoid, that it only fell upon his ſhoulder, and there gave him but a ſlight wound, the force of the blow being broken before, whilſt in the mean time he run the *Turk* quite through the body, who thereupon fell like a Tower ſtone dead under the Horſes feet. This hapned juſt at the time when *Don Pedro*'s Horſe ſunk down under him of his wound,

an

an accident that would have been as fatal to him, had not *Albirond* came in seasonably to his relief, who finding the *Turk* with his Cimitar advanc'd in the Air ready to discharge a mortal blow upon *Don Pedro* (who nevertheless having disengag'd himself from his Horse stood bravely in his defence) strook him such a blow upon the vvrist, that his Sword meeting vvith the joynt, hand and Cimitar drop'd down over his Horses ears, at the same instant that *Don Pedro* ran him quite through the belly, of vvhich two vvounds he also fell dead to the Earth.

They did not stay long (you may suppose) to congratulate one another vvith their victory, nor to insist upon commendations of one anothers valor, vvhich upon other occasions men very hardly forbear to do; but running to the Ladies vvithout any more ceremony, than the drawing the Javelin out of *Albirond*'s thigh, or almost a vvord speaking, they got them into the Shallop, and row'd away to the Ship, vvhich so soon as ever they vvere aboard, they presently cut the

Cable, not staying to weigh Anchor, hoysted sayl, and in a trice were got out to Sea: it no less importing the *Sea-men* than the *Cavaliers* to shift for their lives, whose condition in being taken again had been much worse than before, or upon any other account, they having now engaged themselves (though they well understood it not at first) in a voluntary and unpardonable offence, whereas before they had nothing but their Christianity to be objected against them.

The day now began to break, and a brisk Gale of wind stiffned upon them from the shoar, which if it should but a few hours continue would soon carry them out of sight of Land, and out of the danger of pursuit, which also they did not much apprehend, there being never a Ship (which was a happy juncture for them) ready in the harbor: but the Ladies were so fearful of being taken, that the *Cavaliers* had enough to do to comfort and assure them, and yet they carried their fears so well, that it did not hinder them from caressing their Servants after

after a very tender and affectionate manner, and from taking care of their wounds, which were none of them of very great danger, but nevertheleſs ſuch as oblig'd *Albirond* to halt a little before the beſt friend he had, and *Don Pedro* to carry his arm in a ſling. Several Complements paſt betwixt them, and a great many fine things were ſayd, both on the one ſide and the other; after which falling to enquire of one anothers adventures, *Iſabella* as being the firſt after *Albirond* that came in to the *Rendez-vous*, told them, that *Don Pedro* and ſhe being environed with a great number of *Turkiſh Cavaliers* in the wood, her Lover had ſo layd about him, that the *Turks* neglecting her in the heat of the fight, gave her opportunity to get unobſerv'd into the thickeſt part of the wood where ſhe verily thought ſhe ſhould have been torn to pieces with the thorns and brambles; but that at laſt Fortune guided her out, and ſo ſhe made full-drive to the ſhoar, giving *Don Pedro* for abſolutely loſt. And ſo I was very likely to have been (ſaid *Don Pedro*) but that deſperately ru-

shing into the thickest of them. I bore one of them horse and man to the ground, and got into the thick of the wood, where I forsook my horse, and favour'd by the night conceal'd my self in a hollow tree, till I heard the pursuers a great way from thence, and then I stole out of my hole, and at last finding my self got clear of the wood, ran in the posture you saw me on foot to the Port. And I (said the *Sultaness*) had the ill fortune to be pursued by my Husband himself (as I knew by his voice) with the gross of his Trayn, who being himself the formost of the Troop, was so eager in his pursuit, and in his eagerness took so little heed to his way, that his horse stumbling at the stump of a Tree came over and over with so terrible a fall, as I verily believe has broke his neck; so that the most of the *Cavaliers* alighting to take him up, I was only pursued by those few you saw, and have so roughly handled, and so came in after the manner your selves know better than I, who was in such a fright that I scarce knew what I did.

They

They were taken up with these, and the like discourses till the Sun being got about an howr high, they conceiv'd it was necessary for the Ladies to take a little repose, which they entreated them to doe, whilst they went out upon the Deck to incite the diligence of the Mariners; which they also did, though that was no very necessary care, their own fears adding spurrs to their endeavour, with which together with the fair wind they had, and the lightness of the vessell, of her self a good Sayler, they so skird a way before the wind, that by noon they had almost lost sight of the Coast of *Barbary*, and doubted not in a very short time (if the weather prov'd constant, as they believ'd it would,) to recover the Island of *Sardinia* to which (as it was agreed betwixt the two *Cavaliers*) they steer'd their course.

With the Suns going down the Wind slackned upon them, but kept the same Quarter all that night, and the next morning they had another fresh gale with which they made very good way, and now sayl'd on without any

more fear of being purſued, when about noon they diſcover'd a head of them a ſayl, which at diſtance put them into ſome fear, leaſt it might be a *Turkiſh* Pirate, but they ſoon found their fears to be vain, it being a Galley of *Malta*, who was looking out for thoſe Pirates, and was a brave tall Ship commanded by a *Frenchman*, and a Knight of the Order, who was very famous in thoſe Seas for many brave exploits againſt thoſe enemies of the Chriſtian Faith.

The Galley was not long before ſhe hal'd them in, a Summons that our *Cavaliers* were very glad to obey, as ſeeing themſelves now totally out of danger, and therefore launcing the long-Boat, *Albirond* would himſelf needs go aboard the Galley, though the *Sultaneſs* was very importunate with him to ſtay, and to ſend ſome other, for as yet the name of Chriſtians (who were now to be her beſt friends) was terrible to her. So ſoon as *Albirond* was come aboard the Galley, he preſently gave the Captain an account of his eſcape with another Gentleman, and ſome Slaves he had deliver'd out of Capti-

Captivity; at which he seem'd to be very glad, entertaining him with very great curtesey, and making him an offer of any thing in his Ship, himself, or his friends might stand in need of; for which *Albirond* returning him many thanks, and going to salute the other Knights and Gentlemen of the Galley, he was there aware of an old acquaintance, and particular friend of his, who with great joy embracing him, the first Ceremony being over, told him, that his friends in *France*, from whence he was lately come, were in very great pain for his absence, that they had made his Peace with the King, and that he would be a welcome man into his own Country: but withal whispered in his ear, that his Mistris *Madam Urania* was lately married to rich President a match her friends had with much importunity perswaded her unto, and which she had at last accepted, out of a belief, by reason of his long absence, that he was certainly dead. Of the first news *Albirond* was exceeding glad, as he had good reason to be, seeing himself by the care, and

and good Offices of his friends reſtored to his Country, and his Princeſs favor, and was not very ſorry for the laſt, as being now much better provided; neither did he doubt, but with what the *Sultaneſs* brought along with her to purchaſe ſuch a revenue in *France*, as ſhould ſettle him and his very well at their eaſe for ever. Having been for ſome hour, or more entertein'd aboard the Galley, he was at laſt diſmiſt by the Captain, with great demonſtration of honor and friendſhip, and return'd back to his own Veſſel, which afterwards purſued her voyage without any other adventure, till within a ſhort time, to their general joy they arrived ſafe at the Iſland of *Sardinia*.

So ſoon as ever they came to an Anchor, *Don Pedro* immediately ſent off the ſhallop, to acquaint the *Vice-Roy* with his coming, who preſently ſent out Boats to fetch him, himſelf in the mean time coming down to the ſhoar to receive him, and all the Artillery of the Town and Haven thundred their wel-come. His Uncle had hear'd the whole ſtory of his troubleſome affairs

affairs, and of his flight; wherefore so soon as the first Complements to the Ladies were a little over, taking his Nephew aside, he acquainted him, that *Isabella*'s Father was lately dead of an Apoplexy; that the *Marquiss* was turn'd religious, and that *Isabella*'s Brother was shortly to be married to the *Vice-Roy*'s Daughter of *Valence* a Lady of very great beauty and vertue, with a portion of thirty thousand Ducats; and now wanted nothing but the good news of his Sisters safety to make him compleatly happy.

Thus after so many dangers, griefs and fears, did joy in torrents come tumbling in upon our fairs Lovers; so that nothing now remain'd to perfect their happiness, but the conversion of the fair *African*, which also was no hard matter to do, and she had not run such and so many hazards to stick at any thing; so that being instructed by the Bishop of the place she was within a few dayes receiv'd into the bosome of the Church, and at the same time solemnly married to *Albirond*.

They

They ſtay'd two months in this place, in which time *Iſabella*'s Brother hearing of her fortune, himſelf came to invite, and to wait upon her home, where he carreſt *Don Pedro*, as a man, to whom beſides that he was to be his Brother-in-Law he ſtood obliged for his Life. *Don Pedro* and *Iſabella* would alſo needs have *Albirond*, and his fair *Sultaneſs* along with him to taſte the Enterteinment of *Spain*; an invitation which they as readily accepted, and being firſt entertein'd, and afterwards diſmiſſed, with great Love and Honor by the *Vice-roy*, the Wind ſtanding fair, they took Shipping, and with a proſperons voyage in a ſhort time arriv'd at *Valence*.

They were no ſooner enter'd the Haven, but news being preſently carried to the City, the *Vice-roy* himſelf with all the Nobility, Gentry and the chiefeſt Citizens of the Town came out to meet them, where as they were received with all imaginable civility and reſpect, ſo vvere they enterteined vvith all the magnificence

ficence of Triumphs, Feasting, Masques and Playes. The double Nuptials of *Don Ilian* (for so vvas *Isabella*'s Brother called) with the *Vice-roys* Daughter, and *Don Pedro* with *Isabella* presently ensued, which also were solemniz'd with all the imaginable Triumph of Feasting, Tilting, running at the Ring, *Ivego des Cannes*, and *Ivego des Toros*; in all which *Albirond* would ever be one of the party, and although a stranger to the last, would needs try his Fortune, and therein so signalized his dexterity and valor, as gain'd a singular applause. In these kind of entertainments they past away about six weeks of the most pleasant season of the Year; vvhen having graced their Friends Nuptials which was the main end of their comming to that place, *Albirond* and his fair *Sultanes's* began to think of their own affairs; in order whereunto having made ready their equipage, and taken leave of the *Vice-roy* (by whom *Albirond*, was immediately presented with two very fine *Spanish* Horses) and the rest of their Friends, with

a mutual proteſtation of perpetual Friendſhip, they took their leave of *Spain*, and by eaſy and pleaſant Journeys retired into their own Country.

FINIS.